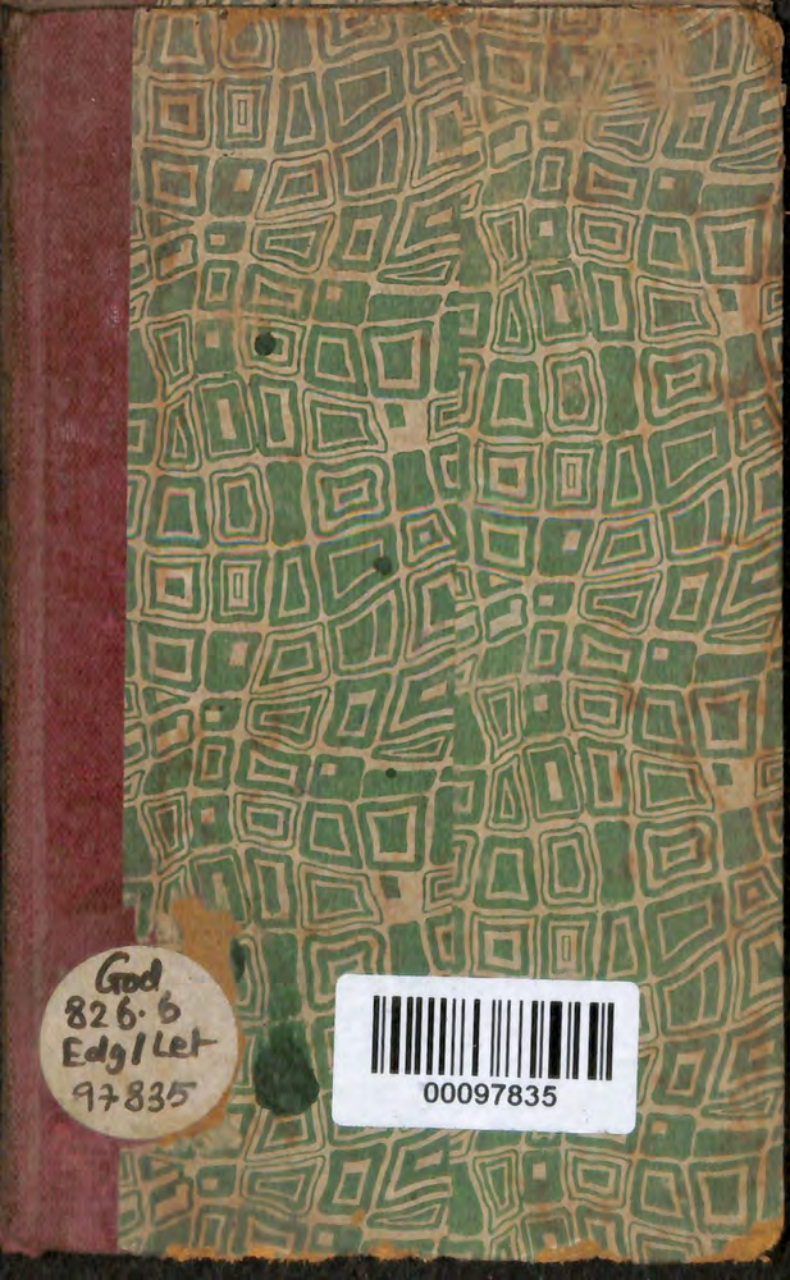
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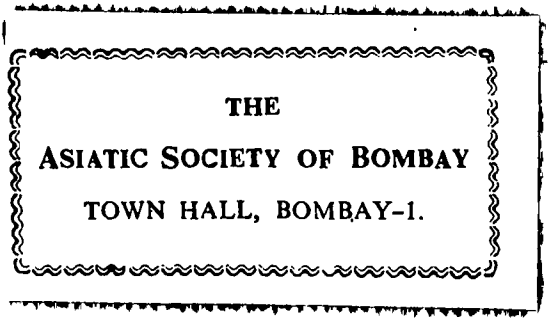

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LETTERS

FROM THE

ABBÉ EDGEWORTH'S

TO

HIS FRIENDS,

Written between the Years 1777 *and* 1807;

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE;

INCLUDING

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE LATE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF CORK,

DR. MOYLAN,

AND LETTERS TO HIM FROM THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,
AND OTHER PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

97835

BY THE REV. THOMAS R. ENGLAND.

" On ne peut lire sa vie sans une espèce d'attendrissement; tel " est l'effet qu'elle produit qu'on a meilleur opinion de soi-même, " parce qu'on a meilleur opinion des hommes."

Montesquieu, Considerat. ch. xvi.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

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Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To rescue from oblivion the memory of superior virtue, to vindicate religion, and to give dignity to human nature, by exhibiting in his native colours one of the most valuable and distinguished characters of the day in which he lived, are a few of the motives which have led to the publication of the following sheets.

The letters contained in them have been copied by the Editor from the originals. They are given to the public in their native simplicity, and generally without commentary or remark. It would be no difficult task to dilate upon the subjects of which the Abbé Edgeworth treats. They are

matters which have engaged the undivided attention of Europe for the last twenty years, and which have eventually terminated in results that human foresight could not contemplate, nor human policy devise. It has, however, been considered, that commentary in the present instance would be intrusive; and, moreover, the opinions expressed by the Abbé, even in his most confidential correspondence, are such as stand in no need either of vindication or apology.

The Abbé Edgeworth was a silent, though not an idle spectator of the great moral drama in which he was destined to act so conspicuous a part. The crimes, the vices, and the mistakes of the politicians who ruled France in the early stages of the revolution were not unknown to him. His mind was too deeply impressed with the notion of an over-ruling Providence to despond, although the catastrophe was equally tragical as mysterious; and hence the reader

of his letters cannot feel surprised at the confidence with which he urges his opinion, that *the French will, sooner or later, return to their former masters, though it be impossible to say by what means or when.* The opinions of such a man, under such circumstances, must naturally be deserving of attention and regard.

The only documents in the present collection which have not been transcribed by the Editor immediately from the originals, are, the letter from the Abbé, dated London, 1796, to Mr. Ussher Edgeworth, giving an account of the last scenes of the life of Louis XVI.*; and the letter to the same gentleman, from the present King of France, regarding the death of the Abbé. Of

* This paper has already appeared before the public in a short *Memoir* by Mr. C. S. Edgeworth; but the Editor regrets to say, that the *style* has, in some instances, under the notion of amendment, been altered. It is now given as originally written by the Abbé himself.

these, the latter is given from a copy in the hand-writing of Mr. U. Edgeworth in the Editor's possession, and the other is taken from an authentic copy, transcribed at the desire of the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, Dr. Moylan, from the original.

The insertion in the present work of a short account of the life of the last-named prelate was called for, by the circumstance of much the greater number of the letters in the present collection having been addressed to him. Such a notice of such a man will not, therefore, appear misplaced; and every friend to the history and literature of the United Kingdoms, will rejoice at the opportunity thereby afforded for the publication of the letters from the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

The Editor owes it to himself to state, that for the facts of Mr. R. Edgeworth's life, he is indebted to Dr. Moylan, who

honoured him with frequent and interesting conversations on the subject. Many of the facts of the Abbé's life were learned from the same source; others were derived from persons of respectability, who enjoyed his friendship; and more were gleaned from numerous letters of Mr. Ussher Edgeworth, Miss E. Edgeworth (the Abbé's sister), the present Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, and the Duc de Serant, now in the possession of the Editor's brother, the Rev. John England, parish-priest of Bandon, who holds them as *administrator* to the *will* of Dr. Moylan.

The Editor has to return thanks to many friends for kindness experienced during the preparation of the following pages for the press. The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, will permit him to make this public acknowledgement for the kind favour of his advice and corrections. By his other

friends, he trusts, his gratitude will be better felt in the intercourse of private friendship, than by public declaration. These friends know the arduous and intrusive avocations, in the uncertain intervals of which the present writer could devote his time to the pursuits of literature; and their indulgence will, perhaps, best plead his apology for many defects in this essay.

Cork, *October*, 1817.

THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ABBÉ EDGEWORTH,

&c. &c. &c.

THE political revolution which distinguished the close of the last and the commencement of the present century in France, whilst it brought into action the worst passions of the worst of men, gave opportunity likewise for the display of some of the purest and most disinterested virtue by which human nature is dignified.

Amongst the many virtuous and valuable characters whom that deep moral convulsion forced from a state of retirement little less than that of a cloister, and flung into the troubled scenes of political intercourse, few deserved more the admiration of their contemporaries, and the respect of posterity, than Henry Essex Edgeworth. The declining years of his life were passed in a vicissitude of the strangest events that could diversify the fate of an ambitious individual; and his early youth was not entirely devoid of interest.

Henry Essex Edgeworth, generally known as the Abbé Edgeworth, was born at Edgeworths-town, in Ireland, some time in the year 1745. The family from which he descended has been resident in that country since the year 1582, and is one of those with the mention of whose name is associated much of the literary and scientific improvement of the British em-

pire. Robert, the father of the Abbé, was a clergyman of the established church, and for some years rector of Edgeworths-town, in the county of Longford: he was married to Miss Usher, sister of the elegant author of *Clio on Taste*, and the *Freethinker's Letters;* and grandaughter of the archbishop of that name, so celebrated for antiquarian research and religious controversy. Three years after the Abbé's birth, his father resigned the living which he held in the established church, and professed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic creed. This step was not taken by Mr. Edgeworth without much previous enquiry and reflection; and the tenour of his life, after the change of his religion, best vindicated the sincerity of the conviction which led to such an event.

Few subjects, particularly in these kingdoms, have been canvassed with more heat than those which constitute the ground of

difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. In these controversies there has always unhappily been too much of passion and personality, and too little of reason and charity. Calm, earnest, and dispassionate enquiry into the doctrinal difference between the two creeds has seldom been resorted to; and it too frequently happens, that the prejudices inculcated in the nursery supersede in the minds of many the exercise of either reason or investigation. Amidst the clamour of personal altercation, and the virulence of party triumph, truth is seldom sought, and more seldom found; for the region of the passions is not the field where the understanding is exercised, or where evidence produces conviction. It is in the candour of friendly discussion, in the calm retreat and sequestered hour, that the force of truth is felt, at times flashing with electric velocity, and at times winning its way by the gentle influence of easy conviction.

The circumstances connected with Mr. R. Edgeworth's conversion to the Roman Catholic religion are not uninteresting: they were related to the present writer by his late lamented prelate and friend, Dr. Moylan, to whom they were communicated by the gentleman himself; and as the progress of every enquiry into a matter of such importance to mankind as religion, is not without its value, the detail may not be considered here misplaced.

Mr. R. Edgeworth's father, grandfather to the Abbé, was a clergyman of the established church, remarkable for his attachment to the doctrines of the *Reformation.* Under the eye of such a parent, the son was educated, no doubt, in the strictest principles of protestantism; and arising from the unhappy circumstances of the times, and the known hostility of the Edgeworth family to the pretensions of the *Stewart* race, such an education was, in

Ireland at least, understood to convey notions of inflexible hostility to the religious opinions of the Roman Catholics. These, and the peculiar circumstances of his being in holy orders, and holding a valuable *living* in the national church, must have powerfully fortified his understanding against what were termed "the prejudices and ignorances of popery." Under the influence of these inculcations and partialities, Mr. R. Edgeworth found himself one day in company with a prelate of the established church, who was there, after having returned from a short residence in the south of France. The peculiar manner and customs of the French people formed, of course, matter for conversation; and their religious opinions were not entirely overlooked. "Your Lordship," said Mr. Edgeworth, "must have been shocked at "the idolatrous ceremonies and exhibitions "so frequent in Catholic countries: the "worship of the *Host* by a blind and "ignorant people must, above all, have

" filled you with disgust and horror." The Bishop shook his head and replied, " By " no means, Sir; when it is a doctrinal " belief with the Roman Catholics, that the " body and blood of Christ are present " under the appearance of the *Host*, and " that they worship not the *Host*, but Christ, " whom they consider to be therein, you " cannot term their worship of it *idol-* " *atry*." * — " And may I enquire," said Mr. Edgeworth, " what Your Lordship's " opinion is, regarding the *real presence* of " Christ in the sacrament?" — " I shall " acknowledge to you, Sir," said the Bishop, " that in my opinion *the papists are at the* " *right side of that question, and that we are* " *at the wrong*. Exclusive of the unanswer- " able arguments which the advocates for " the real presence draw from the Holy

* This was likewise expressed nearly in the same words by Dr. Johnson, (*vide* Life by Boswell;) and it must be the acknowledgment of every man who is possessed of candour.

" Scriptures, and from other authentic " historical documents, I shall relate to " you an occurrence which, perhaps, in- " fluences in no slight degree my opinion " on the matter." The circumstance related by the Bishop was as follows.

During a stay of some weeks which he made at *Toulouse*, he experienced very marked regard and attention from the collegiate clergy of that place; and on one day having expressed a desire of being present at the celebration of high mass, he was admitted to a seat in the sanctuary of the church, immediately in front of the altar. At the time when the elements were about to be consecrated, the Bishop, for a moment, suffered his mind to dwell upon the words to be pronounced by the Priest in this most awful act of his ministry. The plain, unadorned, unfigurative declaration—*Take, eat, this is my body — Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament*

which is shed for many for the remission of sins, spoke to his understanding and his heart. All that he had ever heard in support of and against the doctrine of the *real presence* of Christ in the holy sacrament, rushed upon his mind; — vanity of argumentation had no influence at that moment; — pride of controversial triumph had no share in his feelings; — an instantaneous conviction flashed upon his understanding, and forced him to an acknowledgment of the truth of the sublime doctrine. The tinkling of a small silver bell, heard amidst the sighs and adorations of a prostrate multitude, warned him of the elevation of the *Host;* he bowed with reverence to the earth, and experienced at that moment, as he declared to Mr. Edgeworth, a fervour of devotional feeling beyond all that in his life he had ever before thought possible. "It was a day of happiness," said he, "and I shall never forget it."

Mr. Edgeworth listened with no common anxiety to such avowals from one with whose character and interests they were so much at variance. When the Bishop had concluded the relation, he asked whether it was His Lordship's intention to proceed on an enquiry into the other doctrines controverted between the two churches? The Bishop replied, that he had arrived at that period of life, when perhaps it was too late to begin so lengthened and distressing an investigation. Moreover, he thought he filled too elevated and responsible a situation in the religious body to which he belonged, to trifle with doctrines, to the profession and support of which he had bound himself by the solemn obligation of an oath; and that, in fine, so long as his heart was influenced and directed by the opinions which he privately embraced, he saw no necessity for destroying the prospects of his family, and injuring himself, by giving them uncalled-for publicity.

The prudential considerations which thus influenced the conduct of the prelate, did not produce the like effects on Mr. Edgeworth. In a matter of such consequence to mankind as religion, worldly considerations, he thought, should give way to motives of more awful importance; and the decline of life appeared to him, in a peculiar manner, the season best suited for calm and dispassionate determination. The vanities which agitated early youth, and the ambition of more advanced years, should have yielded, he thought, to the more sober and mature considerations which await upon declining age, and thus have given that superiority in the mind to the dictates of philosophy and of religion, which the experience of every day is calculated to vindicate and uphold. Hence, Mr. Edgeworth was not easily led to abandon the enquiries to which his interesting conversation with the Bishop gave rise.

The doctrines of the Christian creed are matters more of historical record than of theological disquisition. The same controversies which agitate the current of the Christian doctrine in our days, disturbed it also nearer to its source; for the detail and refutation of the errors and absurdities of the early separatists from the orthodox faith, form much the greater part of the writings of the fathers of the Christian church. These early writers on Christianity are at least correct historians of the doctrines taught in their days: as commentators on the sacred text of the evangelical writings, they have the more claim to regard; inasmuch as they received the commentary, together with the text, from their apostolical predecessors; and, as universally approved teachers of the doctrines of Christianity, they demand our assent to their doctrinal decisions, not on their individual authority, but upon the authority, and as the delegates, (if such an expression

may be allowed,) of the entire orthodox faithful of the times in which they wrote. With such claims to notice, the writings of the fathers of the Christian church must deserve, next to the Volume of the sacred Scriptures, the regard of every sincere enquirer into the genuine doctrines of Christianity.

These were the conclusions which influenced Mr. Edgeworth in the *historical* enquiry into the revealed doctrines of the Christian religion, which he, at once, determined to commence. Neither the modern Catholic or Protestant writers appeared to him to deserve notice. Passing through the medium of party or sect, he knew that evidence may become coloured and refracted. The cause of truth, he was aware, is as much injured by the suppression of fact, as by the assertion of falsehood; and, moreover, he probably reflected, that the acrimonious advocate of one creed can rarely be trusted as a just historian of the

claims and merits of another which he combats. He commenced his enquiry, therefore, by excluding from his evidences the modern controversial writers of both parties, and confined himself solely to the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, accompanied by the writings generally acknowledged as those of the *Christian Fathers* of the first four centuries of the church.

The first matter which engaged his attention was, of course, that which originated the investigation — the doctrine of the *real presence.* The progress of his enquiries it is not necessary to detail; but the conclusion to which he eventually came, was, that if the Roman Catholic creed of the present day be *unscriptural* and *idolatrous,* so likewise was the creed of *Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Cyril, Ambrose, Augustine,* and every other early Christian writer whose works have reached to our times. The testimony and interpretation of the scriptural text by *St. Augustine,* in particular,

appeared to him the most unanswerable evidence possible in support of this conclusion.

At this discovery, Mr. Edgeworth became more earnest and anxious in his pursuits; his researches were made with sincerity and assiduity; and the result was, a firm conviction in his mind, that in the questions controverted between the Catholic and Protestant churches, the former had more plain scriptural evidence in support of their peculiar doctrines, and had likewise more the suffrage of the early and approved writers of the church to vindicate their interpretation of the sacred text, than their adversaries.*

* The present writer feels himself called upon to say, that in introducing the above statement, he has been led by no ambition of entering the lists of feligious controversy. Respect for the character of Mr. R. Edgeworth is his only motive. That gentleman suffered severely for his change of opinion; and it is therefore but justice to state the motives by which he was led.

During all this time, Mr. Edgeworth had never spoken to any Roman Catholic on the subjects which engaged his attention, though they formed matter for frequent discussion with his neighbouring clerical acquaintances of the Protestant communion. Once, in the discharge of his ministry, he ascended the pulpit of his church to preach on the moral duties flowing from the doctrine of the *Lord's Supper*, as taught in the established church: — his conviction overpowered his feelings, — he tried in vain to give utterance to the text which he had prefixed to the discourse: — humbled and confused, he retired from the pulpit, which he never more entered. Intent upon removing every cause of doubt from his mind, he, on his next visit to Dublin, sought out a Roman Catholic clergyman, from whom he received some necessary explanations and instructions; and, at length, actuated by motives above the control of flesh and blood, he solemnly, and before witnesses,

renounced his connection with the established religion, and professed himself a sincere convert to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church.

Mr. Edgeworth too well knew the state of society in Ireland at that time, to think of remaining there, after he should have declared his change of opinion. The inflexible hostility of the law, the intolerance with which it was then administered, and the not less to be dreaded severity of his friends and relatives, appeared to him to exclude all hope of liberty of conscience at home, and dictated to him the necessity of seeking some more favoured spot, where, unshackled by the fetters of a persecuting legislature, he should be free to exercise the duties of the religion which from conviction he had embraced. After some consideration, he fixed upon *Toulouse* as the place of his future residence, and having resigned his parish into the hands of

the bishop of the diocese, he quitted Ireland some time in the year 1749. His family, at the time of this voluntary exile, consisted of Robert, the eldest son; Henry, the subject of the present Memoir; Ussher, who afterwards became resident in Dublin; and a sister, who will be found mentioned in the subsequent letters of the Abbé. Mrs. Edgeworth, led by the same arguments which had prevailed with her husband, and supported likewise by his example, embraced at the same time the Roman Catholic creed. It is rather remarkable, that about this period the brother of Mrs. Edgeworth, who was before noticed as the author of *Clio on Taste*, was led by the perusal of his grandfather's (Archbishop Ussher's) controversies with a Jesuit of the name of Fitz-simons, to profess the Roman Catholic religion. He afterwards entered into holy orders, and closed a valuable and respectable life in London.

At the time the Edgeworth family quitted

Ireland, their landed property, which was considerable, was intrusted to the administration of an agent, on whose fidelity they could depend. In the year 1769, however, on the death of her husband, Mrs. Edgeworth, accompanied by her eldest son Robert, and her daughter, returned to Ireland, and finally disposed of the family estates, from one of which Henry, at his ordination, took the title of *Abbé de Firmont.* * During the stay which the Edgeworth family made in Ireland at that period, they spent some time at the house of Mr.

* The Editor is reluctantly compelled to notice here a fact, which, if it did not form part of a horrible system of legislation, he should bury for ever in oblivion. To such a degree did the friends of Mr. R. Edgeworth carry their vengeance for the *imputed disgrace* of his *apostacy*, that one of them actually made a claim under the *bill of discovery*, by which he sought to dispossess the *Popish* descendants of Mr. Edgeworth of their hereditary property! This it was which induced Mrs. Edgeworth to dispose of the estates; and the terror of a like proceeding haunted the mind of Mr. Ussher Edgeworth even to the grave.

John Moylan, of Cork, father to the late venerable Catholic bishop of that city; and they have been described to the Editor, by a lady who knew them at that time, and enjoyed their society and friendship afterwards in France, as highly amiable and interesting.

Whilst the Edgeworth family resided at *Toulouse*, the intimacy between them and Dr. Moylan commenced. The latter was then a student in the university of that place; and he described Henry, who was at that time quite a boy, as distinguished by the most artless and winning diffidence. Seldom was early friendship more sincere or more uninterrupted, than that which subsisted between Dr. Moylan and the Abbé Edgeworth. In the following letters it will be found depicted in its true colours. In every vicissitude it remained — like the hearts that were its sanctuary — pure, disinterested, and fervent. In France, in England, and in Rus-

sia, whether in his beloved retirement in *Rue de Bacq*, or amidst the splendours and glory of *Versailles*, whether accompanying to the scaffold the murdered Louis XVI. or flying with the deserted Louis XVIII. into the dreary regions of the north, the heart and the affections of the Abbé were the same; and he had full experience indeed, that those of his early and beloved friend were equally sincere and unchangeable.

Henry, as soon as he had completed the usual course of *belles lettres* and *rhetorick* at *Toulouse*, was, at the instance of Dr. Moylan, sent to Paris, whither he was in some time followed by the other members of his family. His residence in that city was in the seminary of *Trente Trois*, but he attended the philosophical and theological lectures at the colleges of *Navarre* and the *Sorbonne*. At the completion of the necessary previous studies, he was called to

priest's orders, and removed to the seminary of *Les Missions Etrangères, Rue de Bacq.*

After his ordination, the Abbé Edgeworth commenced at once that edifying and useful line of conduct, for which in after years he was so distinguished. Each morning found him in the tribunal of penance, the patient confessor, the zealous instructor, the meek and humble spiritual director and friend, of all who sought his assistance or counsel. The day was filled up with the other duties of a clerical life, relieved occasionally by the society of a beloved mother, sister, and other friends; and his evening closed, bringing with it the consciousness of his being not an entirely useless servant in his Lord's vineyard. This was the tenour of those days, to which in the following letters he reverts with sympathetic regret, and from the enjoyment of which he was torn by an iron necessity, that could neither be

anticipated nor avoided. Few men appear to have found more real enjoyment in occasional retirement from the world than he did. He carried into his retreat a mind undisturbed by the projects of ambition or the anxieties of vanity; and in his latter years, even when flattered and caressed by those whose kindness was an enviable approbation, he turned with renewed affection to the scenes where he once found religion, friendship, and peace.

Some time between the years 1762 and 1766, the friendly intercourse which had with mutual pride and benefit been cultivated between the Abbé Edgeworth and Dr. Moylan, was interrupted by the removal of the latter to Cork, whither he was called to serve in the ministry. The following letter is the earliest date of that interesting and valuable correspondence between those two friends, which lasted under every variety of fortune during the life of the Abbé. It

will be seen by this letter that Dr. Moylan, at that time Roman Catholic bishop of Kerry, had expressed a wish that his friend should permit an application to be made in his favour at Rome, for his appointment to a diocese in his native country. This wish was during many years fondly cherished by the venerable prelate, and no possible obstacle could interfere to prevent its gratification, but the invincible refusal of the Abbé himself.

In perusing the letters of Abbé Edgeworth, the reader is struck with the elegance in which, notwithstanding his early estrangement from the English language, the writer expresses himself, even in matters of mere sentiment. The progress which he made in English composition is not less remarkable; so that, in fact, the style which distinguishes the letters which he wrote towards the close of his life, except perhaps in some few instances of French idiom, is such as a

person who had never composed in any other language than the English need not feel ashamed of.

To the Right Rev. Francis Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

" My Lord, and ever beloved friend,

" I received your most tender and most affectionate letter, for which I return you a thousand thanks. I should add a thousand more, for the kind manner in which you apologise for your long silence; no doubt but I would have borne it with some impatience, had I the least reason to suspect it proceeded from any alteration in your sentiments for me: but surely I am too well acquainted with your heart, for to suppose it capable of a change my own is so far from being guilty of towards you. Moreover, the multitude and importance of your occupations, since placed by the hands of Providence at the head of a large flock, has

always been to me a sufficient apology for your silence. I knew it was but just, that children should take place of all, even of the choicest friends, and much more so of me, the last of all, who have no other right to your friendship but that which your bounty is pleased to give me; however, I make bold to request a share in your leisure moments, if such you ever find, were it only to let me know you are well, and not forgetful of an ancient, though distant and worthless friend.

"The account you are so good as to give me of your diocese affords me real satisfaction, and is a proof that the Almighty still looks down in his mercy on our poor and long-afflicted country. What a consolation, *mon cher seigneur*, to find in your flock so much docility and readiness to enter into all the views of their pastor! I trust in God, that such happy dispositions, cultivated by your hands, will produce in time all the fruit your heart can wish for. May the.

Father of Lights direct you in all your undertakings, and crown them with every success for his glory and the salvation of the souls committed to your care! The desire you express of seeing me work in the same vineyard with you, would flatter my vanity, was I not persuaded that such a desire can only be an effusion of your good heart; surely, if you took counsel any where else, you would be convinced that of all men living I am one of the less fit to become a co-operator of your zeal. No, my ever dear friend, I am far, immensely far, from being qualified for doing any great good either in Ireland or France; but still I would be more useless again in my own country than I am here. You ask me how I employ my time: very indifferently indeed: however, I confess a little. I have even preached; but this I have only done enough to try my talent that way, and to see I have none: in all other respects my situation is, *à peu près*, the same it was

when I enjoyed you last in Paris; and if a friend of mine, who knows my character, says true, it will still be the same in thirty years hence. The reason of this is clear enough, there being but two means to promotion in these days, intrigue or personal merit, neither of which I am endowed with; *mais qu' importe après tout pourvû que nous arrivions au terme; en attendant je dirai avec le Poëte, et peutêtre avec plus de vérité que lui,*

Je vis ignoré de la France,
Sans besoin, et sans abondance,
Content de mon sort, &c.

" I have not seen Jasper this good while, as he is gone down to spend his vacations at Havre; be assured that the accounts you got of him, though ever so favourable, are not exaggerated; he is every way qualified to do honour to his name and to his country. I am sorry that the plan of studies in the Irish house don't permit him to remain there during his licence; as in all

respects it is the fittest place for him, if he intends for the mission of Ireland. I did not relish at first his going into St. Sulpice, being somewhat prejudiced against that house; but upon closer information, I find it is still one of the best seminaries in Paris, and that no pains are spared to form both the hearts and minds of the young ecclesiastics who live there. 'Tis true, that amidst all possible facilities for virtue and piety, he will meet some obstacles to both, was it but the spirit of mondanity and ambition which necessarily must reign more than elsewhere, in a house where most of our *Abbés de consequence* are brought up. But I trust in God he will be aware of this *pestis clericorum*. Your friends at the Recolettes salute you most affectionately. My mother, in particular, recommends herself to your prayers, and requests your blessing. James is still here: a most accomplished young man he is; more reason and good sense I never met in any person

of his age. You know my heart, and with what sincerity and affection I am, *mon très cher Seigneur*, your's for ever,

" H. EDGEWORTH.

" Paris, 13th August, 1777."

To the same.

" 15th July, 1779.

" My Lord, and ever dear friend,

" I received your favour of the 12th March, which you were so kind as to forward me by Mrs. French; and I need not tell you with what avidity I perused it. A greater satisfaction I do not know, than that of hearing from absent friends; and surely I have not one in the world whose regard and affection I value more, and doubt of less, than that of my ever dear and respected Bishop of Kerry. The confidence I here express may, perhaps, be an effect of my presumption; but if so, I request that you will leave me in my error; as it is, and always shall be, a favourite one

with me. This much I dare say, and I can say it with truth, that no man on earth is more sincerely devoted to you than I am.

" I have had a long conference with Mr. *Hody* about the establishment which you intend forming for the instruction of the poor, on the model of that we have here in our neighbourhood. He is actually superior of this community, and as such, more able than any one else to procure you every information you can desire, relative to this object. But hitherto his strictest enquiries have proved unsuccessful: the ladies of this house having little or nothing among their papers concerning their establishment, but what is contained in their book of rules, which you tell me you are already provided with; they have not even so much as the life of their founder, *le P. Barré*, a Minime friar, who died towards the close of last century, in reputation of sanctity. The two little volumes which I send you here enclosed,

are of his composition; and though they contain nothing relative to your object, still I thought they would not be entirely useless to you, as one of them contains a short abstract of his life, and that you will see clearly in both by what spirit he was animated in all his undertakings. Mr. Hody has not yet given up entirely all hopes of finding something or other which may answer your purpose; and if his searches are productive of any thing worth your notice, I shall get it copied without delay, and forward it to you by the same opportunity which I charge with this. He desires to be remembered to you in the warmest manner, and wishes you most sincerely all success in this undertaking, which he thinks must be highly beneficial to religion in Ireland. The *Bishop of Ceran* (formerly Mr. *Davoust*), another warm friend of your's, charges me likewise to assure you of his most affectionate compliments. Poor Mr. *Darragon* is dead: he wasted away for many

months, and extinguished like a candle. Mr. *Duface* is also gone; he had been long unwell; but, as he still retained his head and strength, nobody supected that his end was so near: his friend, and inseparable companion, Mr. *Burgurieux*, is still alive, but in a dismal condition. Our worthy prelate, the invincible *Christophe*, after two disorders which brought him to death's door, seems to have renewed his youth like the eagles, and puts fair to see the beginning of next century. As to myself, (since you are so kind as to desire I should enlarge on so insignificant a subject,) I can inform you, that I am in the same position I was seven or eight years ago, when you quitted Paris; the only change I can see is, that I have since acquired a legal existence in this diocese, which I had not then; but this is a mere title, a title *sine onore sine honore, sine re.* If you ask me what are my plans for futurity, my answer will be equally

concise; for I really have none, but that of remaining in the spot Providence seems to have dropped me in, until he sends a blast of wind to transport me elsewhere. Whatever its direction may be, I shall follow it, if not with alacrity, at least without reluctance: for it is just, that the master of a family should have the right to place each of his servants in the post he thinks fit. As to Ireland, I must own to you, that I have no thought of ever fixing in it, and with reason I am sure; for though incapable of doing much good in any part of the globe, I would do still less there, as I am totally a stranger to the manners, customs, and character of my countrymen; nor can I either speak or write English without incredible difficulty; however, if it was the will of God, these obstacles, though certainly material ones, would not hinder me from following the divine call: the Almighty, who put words in the mouth of the ass of Ba-

laam, being able to renew the same miracle in my favour. By what I have hitherto said, you may easily form a judgment of my present situation, which is certainly (*humanum dico*) infinitely agreeable, and more adapted to my capacity than any I can meet with hereafter, and of my disposition for the future, in case the Almighty thinks fit to change it. In the mean time I work in this portion of his vineyard, very poorly to be sure; so poorly, that I am almost ashamed to mention it, but at least enough for to say that I am not entirely idle. There is an age I have no news either from James, Jack, or Jasper. In what part of the globe are they now? May Almighty protect them, and give them all success in their undertakings! My mother and family desire to be remembered to you in the most affectionate terms, and hope you don't forget them in your prayers. I join them in the same request, but have still a better right,

as no man on earth is more sincerely attached to you than,

"My Lord, and dearest friend,
"Your most obedient and humble servant,
"H. EDGEWORTH."

It may be necessary, in order to elucidate this last letter, to state, that Dr. Moylan was, at the time in which it was addressed to him, engaged in the benevolent and patriotic purpose of forming a religious establishment for the education of the female children of the poor in Ireland, which establishment he lived to see, through the divine mercy, grow up into one of the most useful and flourishing institutions of which Christianity can boast. It need scarcely be added, that the order is that of *the Presentation Nuns for the Education of the Female Children of the Poor*, originally founded in Cork by the exertions of the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan and Miss Nano Nagle, of pious memory.

About this time, the Princess Elizabeth applied to the superior of the community of *Les Missions Etrangères*, where Abbé Edgeworth resided, requesting him to select a confessor for her, in place of her director, who had recently died. Without a moment's hesitation, his choice was declared in favour of the Abbé Edgeworth. Few men appear to have been better fitted for such a charge; and perhaps there never was a man whose avocations led him so much to mingle in the society of a court, who was less swayed by the world or its notions, in the regulation of his conduct. To create respect for virtue, he needed but to unveil his own heart: to make it beloved, he required only to preach its dictates. His attachment to the amiable and virtuous Princess, whose adviser and director he then became, will be found exhibited in its true colours, in a subsequent page; and the respect and veneration which his character was fitted to produce in a grate-

ful soul, were by her as fully appreciated and revered.

The following letters need no introduction; they are copied *verbatim* from the original, in the Editor's possession.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Paris, 13th July, 1788.

"My Lord, and ever dear friend,

"'Tis, indeed, an age since I had the honour of writing to, or hearing from, you; but surely you will do me the justice to believe, that my feelings are still the same, and that the friendship which so early in life was formed between us, remains unaltered. I have constantly followed you in heart and mind from Paris to Cork, from Cork to Kerry, from Kerry back to Cork; and, if in this variety of situations, you have scarce ever received a line from me, it was merely because I knew your leisure moments

could not be many, and of course should be respected. But since you are so kind as to propose the renewal of a correspondence which has been so long interrupted, I accept the challenge with joy, and shall deem myself happy to have an occasion of assuring you from time to time of my unalterable affection.

"Though I was much rejoiced on hearing you were transferred to Cork, and there fixed in the centre of all that is dear to you upon earth, I could not but lament the scandal which gave occasion to your preferment: a horrid scandal, indeed, and so incredible in all its cicumstances, that for many days I could not bring myself to believe it: happily, it made no great sensation in Paris. May God have mercy on the unfortunate man, and grant him the grace of an exemplary conversion! I make no doubt but you have found his diocese in a most deplorable situation. May Almighty help you to put matters upon a proper footing!

I shall not fail to offer up my prayers, such as they are, both for the pastor and for the long neglected flock.

" I return you many thanks for your kind enquiries into my present situation. It is precisely the same as when you left Paris. I live in the same house; I occupy the same apartment; I keep the same hours; and, upon the whole, I don't see a man whose life offers a less variety of scenes than mine has done hitherto. 'Tis not but I have had it more than once in my power to alter my situation. Many proposals have been made to me, and some of them really enticing; but I have long ago laid it down as a rule with myself, to take no material step in life without advice: as often, therefore, as any attempt has been made to take me out of my solitude, I have consulted a few wise and virtuous friends, whose minds could not be biassed by any other consideration but those of my own good, and of the glory of God; and they have, hitherto, always

advised me to remain as I am. On two occasions, indeed, they were unanimous in desiring me to accept. I accordingly made a few steps forward, but Providence came to my assistance, and baffled all their schemes, without my putting a hand to it. I have, therefore, every reason to believe, that Almighty intends I should live and die in my obscure, but happy retirement; and, indeed, when I take an impartial view of myself, I see plainly it is, of all situations in life, the best adapted to my weak constitution, and still weaker abilities. I say, to my *weak constitution*, for my health is much impaired, and last year I was threatened with a total decay. Rest and dissipation have, indeed, very near restored me to my primitive state; but still it is visible, that I never shall be able to go through any great hardships of mind or body. However, I cannot say that I am absolutely an idle man; and, though my labours be now confined within the small

circle of English and Irish, who live in Paris, I think I do as much as can be reasonably expected of me, — so, at least, I am told by my friends. May Almighty God judge me as favourably as they do! — But I dwell too long upon myself, and my paper is near out. My poor mother enjoys very good health for her age: words can't express how happy I made her by giving her news of you and your's. She desires, as does also my aunt, and sister, to be remembered to you, and to every individual of your family, in the warmest terms. My sister has long been in Miss Moylan's debt, but she is waiting for a sure hand. I send you no public news: all is quiet in appearance; but the contest is engaged, and no human foresight can tell what the event may be.

"I am, with every sentiment of love and respect, My Lord,

"Your most obedient and humble Servant,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From Abbé Edgeworth to Miss A. Ussher, Marlborough Street, Dublin.

" Paris, July, 1789.

" My dear Aunt,

" It would be a real comfort to me to pay you a visit at Eastwell, and to become your chaplain there, or any where else; but, alas! I am lost to Ireland, and Ireland is lost to me. Thirty-eight years spent in France, have almost broke all ties between me and my native land; and I would be as awkward there, as if transported to the borders of Spain or Italy.

" There was some question a few years ago, of fixing me at the head of my native *diocese;* but, I thank God, the scheme did not take place: nor do I well conceive how it could come into the head of any reasonable man. I feel that I am unfit for any post in Ireland, was it only from want of being acquainted with the manners, customs, and language of the country: — how much more so

for a station which would have exposed me to public view. I know that some of your prelates, deluded by false reports, or by too great friendship for me, have expressed from time to time some desire of seeing me fixed at home; but they forget that I am now forty-four years old, and that grown up trees are never transplanted into a foreign soil withot losing their leaves and withering away.

"I am therefore, you perceive, condemned by Providence to live and die in France, and what matter after all, provided I *die well?* It would, indeed, be a consolation to me here below, to have a personal acquaintance with you; but I trust in God's mercy, that we shall both meet one day in a happier land than this, where I shall no longer be your servant and your nephew, — but your fellow-citizen, your brother, and your friend.

"HENRY EDGEWORTH."

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

" Paris, 18th Feb. 1790.

"My Lord, and dear friend,

" I have but a few moments to spend with you, as the packets are just going off; but knowing your tender concern for the once flourishing, though now desolate, church of France, I must lose no time in informing you of the decree that passed Saturday last, after a sitting of nine hours. The religious state was suppressed all over the kingdom; and it was declared to be an article of our new constitution, that no perpetual vows would, from henceforward, be admitted in France. All nuns and friars, who choose to leave their houses, are at liberty to go out, and retire where they please: — they will receive pensions, but the sum is not yet fixed. Those who choose to remain, if friars, must repair to the houses that will be hereafter appointed for their reception; but, as to nuns, they

may all remain in their respective houses, there to live and die in peace.

"I need not make any reflections upon this decree; but many people fear it may bring on some regulation of the same kind concerning the vow by which priests are bound to celibacy; in which case, I leave you to judge, how many scandals we should see. However, I believe no attempt will be made to unbind those who are already engaged in holy orders: but I would not be astonished, if it was enacted, that no such obligation should be enjoined from henceforward upon those who receive subdeaconship.

"I shall do all my endeavours to purchase the articles you mention, when the sale of church-ornaments will begin, which cannot be so soon: but I would be glad to know, before all, whether you would have the candlesticks plated in gold or silver; the former, I think, make a much better appearance upon the altar.

"The young man I mentioned to you in my last, has received a small bill from his father, and I am of opinion he should go home, as there is no hopes of his father being able to maintain him here. I thank you in his name, as well as in my own, for your kind intentions: but, as he has wherewith to defray the expences of his journey, I do not think it necessary to accept the generous offer you have made.

"The post is going off, and I have scarcely time to subscribe myself, with every sentiment of respect and love,

"My Lord, and dear friend,

"Your most humble and obedient Servant,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From the same to the same.

"Paris, 6th May, 1790.

"My Lord, and dear friend,

"I have put off from week to week answering your favour of the 14th March,

hoping our assembly would at last come to a resolution about church affairs; but it seems their policy is still what it has been from the beginning, to give but one blow at a time, lest the reasonable part of the nation should be revolted, was the entire system displayed at once. You have heard, undoubtedly, of the two decrees relating to the church lands. By the first, they are declared to be at the free disposal of the nation; and by the second, which passed a fortnight ago, the civil corporation now in vigour all over France are vested with the management thereof. The clergy is therefore completely stripped; and to take away more effectually the notion of ecclesiastical properties, it has been moreover enacted, that the salaries of the clergy (hereafter to be determined) will be paid to them, not by the corporations, now charged with the management of their hitherto lands, but from the national treasury, as all other public charges. It was

thought, that the National Assembly, having thus stripped all churchmen, great and little, would immediately determine their respective salaries; but nothing has been done since. However, these temporal matters gave occasion to some of the members to insist upon the Roman Catholic religion being solemnly declared the religion of the nation. The affair was debated with the greatest violence, and the infernal quarter finished by eluding the question. But 305 nobles, clergymen, and commons, have since met, and published a kind of manifesto, declaring their sentiments about the matter, and there our affairs lie to-day.

"What will be the issue, God alone knows; but in all likelihood, violent commotion and general confusion. Toulouse*, Montauban,

* The situation of affairs at *Toulouse*, at this period, will be learned from the following extract of a letter from a valuable ecclesiastic, (the late Rev. Robert M'Carthy, of Cork,) resident in that town during the entire of the French Revolution. "Our hopes were

and some other towns of the southern provinces, have already expressed their alarms

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never grounded on the religion or justice of the present assembly, no more than on the majority of the former one. The noble stand and constancy of the prelates, and the fidelity of the far greater number of the second order of the clergy, seemed to me a proof that religion would triumph. Indeed, I never lost hopes; and I am, perhaps, the only one in this quarter who has not, at one time or another, thought there was no remedy. It is true, I knew there were persons at work abroad, and plans proposed; and I had reason to hope, that last summer would have brought about a change; for the weakest means are sufficient in the hands of God; and on him alone I depended: and I then thought, as I do still, that I saw his design plainly pointed out in his supporting the clergy, and much the greater part of the laity. I have spent, to be sure, many cruel moments, but I never was dejected. I am still resigned to the will of God, and full of hopes in his powerful mercy.

"There have been some disturbances here; but, in general, we have been the quietest city in the kingdom. Several efforts have been made at the instigation of the *constitutional* clergy, but with little or no effect. Some priests have been imprisoned, others fined, more have been insulted. We have had for four or five months past 800 volunteers next door, where you formerly dwelt, and I have been frequently insulted by

at what has been decreed concerning religion and church properties. But what is

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them. For the same time, or longer, we had as many more on the other side of our garden, separated only by a mud-wall: they are gone; and thus we are freed from many apprehensions.

" All the convents of men, and the three large seminaries, are empty. The bells have been taken from the nuns, and they have been tormented and persecuted on several occasions. They have, however, borne all with courage. In this entire neighbourhood, wherever the parish priests have not been changed, tranquillity reigns; and the disturbances commence on the intrusion of the *constitutional* clergy. We (the clergy) have been obliged, from the beginning, to wear a bit of ribbon (*tricolor*) on our cinctures, or at a button-hole; and lately, we were ordered to wear cockades in our hats. By a proclamation of the municipality, issued within these few days, we are obliged to wear them as the soldiers do, on the outside of the leaf: they go so far as to prescribe their measure — *three inches* in diameter!

" Upon the whole, every one here expects, and in a short time, a change. The *few* fear it, and tremble; for the proportion of honest people here is so much the greater, that the convulsion of a change can be productive of little mischief. We are in the hands of

the opposition of a few cities in such a country as France? As far as I can get information, the enraged party almost universally prevails; but I think time must open the eyes of the multitude, and show them the precipice upon which they stand; for, religion aside, the situation of France is dismal beyond expression. No trade, no money, no credit, no king, what must it become? However, in the midst of all this confusion, Paris is quiet enough. Thirty thousand men, under arms, and at the com-

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God; and from our experience of his goodness, we hope for a continuance of his divine protection. Religion is practised, although in private, with much more zeal, than for many years heretofore. This revolution, my friend, was necessary, to separate the faithful from the infidel: but what shows the special assistance of Heaven, is the number of confessors of the faith, and the constancy of even the simple peasants, who suffer every kind of persecution, rather than belie their consciences."

22nd *July*, 1790.

mand of the assembly, keep the town in peace, or, at least, in awe. The monks are still in their houses; and no sale has yet taken place, nor will, I believe, for this long while. If it does, I shall not forget your commission.

"All your friends are well, and join in most respectful compliments to you and yours. I remember very well, Mr. Fitzgerald, and hope he meets with success in the line of his profession: the money he mentioned to you is but a trifle: he will pay me when he can. I saw his friend, Mr. Caldwell, this afternoon: a happy man indeed he is. As soon as matters are settled for the clergy, I shall let you know. Pray for us; and be assured, that amidst all the changes here, my love and respect for you will always be the same.

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From the same to the same.

" Paris, 6th November, 1790.

" My Lord, and dear friend,

" I am quite ashamed to find your favour of the 15th July, still waiting for an answer. Indeed, it has not been entirely my fault; for since I existed, I have never been so immersed in business of one kind or another; and my former solitude seems to fly from me every day more and more.

" Our revolution goes on very peaceably: but will it go on so to the end? For my part, I cannot bring myself to think it will. Our huge and shapeless constitution appears to me to carry in itself the principles of its own destruction: time alone can unwarp them; but when that moment comes, what scenes of horror must be expected, before the deluded multitude can be brought back to harmony or order! In the mean while, all ranks complain: but in silence, for fear of greater evils than those they suf-

fer. The lower classes live in hopes of seeing better times, and bear their present misery with patience, if not with joy. The numberless pamphlets that are spread among them every morning, are calculated to keep up this deceitful prospect constantly before their eyes; but, in fact, prosperity is flying from us every day more and more; public credit is still supported by means that cannot last; and a general bankruptcy must, I think, be the immediate consequence of the imprudent measures taken to prevent it.

"As to the clergy, things do not go on as smoothly as was first expected. Few people, as yet, offer to buy their lands; and in all Paris, I see but two or three houses belonging to them, that have been sold. But the decrees concerning the new form given to the church in this country, are daily put into execution. Many cathedrals are already suppressed: that of Paris exists still, but expects to be executed this week or next. In general, the bishops behave well:

many of them, whose sees are suppressed in this new plan, have made their protestations, and declared, that during their life, they would not give up an inch of the jurisdiction they had received from God, and not from men. One alone, as yet, has submitted to the new plan; and he is universally blamed. Those who have not yet taken a party, are waiting for the court of Rome to speak; and it is generally thought its speech will be firm. The archbishop of Paris will be called upon soon: what his answer will be, I know not; but I hope it will be worthy of the successor to Christophe de Beaumont. He is still in Savoy, and there living upon alms; for he does not receive a farthing of his revenue. You know that a part of his diocese is cut off, and given to the new see, erected by our rulers at Versailles. The new bishop of this see is not yet chosen; but I was assured that the electors are already convoked. The district of Quimper, in Britany, have already

elected theirs: how, and by whom, he will be consecrated, time will show.

"There you have, My Lord, a part of our public doings; and it is clear, that without a violent commotion, these new plans cannot take place. I have done nothing about the ornaments, &c. you desired me to purchase, because nothing of that kind has been sold as yet. Many people are of opinion, that it is by no means lawful to buy them, they being, evidently, stolen goods: what do you think? You have undoubtedly heard, that all foreign establishments are maintained in full possession of such part of their property as they can prove to have been purchased with foreign money: but you don't know, perhaps, that we are indebted for this to one Mr. Walker, an English gentleman, and a Protestant, who pleaded the cause of his fellow subjects, with the greatest energy, at the committee. Your friends at the *Recollettes* are well, and join in tender respects

to you and yours. I would willingly turn this page, but 'tis late, and I have only time to assure you, My Lord and truly dear friend, that my former sentiments are, and will be for life the same.

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From the same to the same.

"Paris, 9th Jan. 1791.

"My Lord, and dear friend,

"I am sure you are anxious to know how matters go on in this unfortunate country; and it grieves me to say, that unless Almighty God stretches forth his hand in a miraculous manner, I see but little prospect of their mending. You have, undoubtedly, heard of an oath tendered by the Assembly to all men, in any station whatsoever, but especially to the clergy; by which they are to swear *allegiance to the nation, to the law, and to the king; and bind themselves, moreover, to maintain with all their might the new constitution,* or forfeit

all rights of citizen; and, of course, their employments, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical. This oath, as you may judge, became the subject of most violent debates; however, it passed as every thing else, at a great majority, and was immediately sent to the King for sanction. The King demanded time, to consult Rome; and, accordingly, a courier was dispatched: but before the answer could come back, the monarch was awed into compliance, and the sanction was given. A day was immediately appointed to receive the oaths of the ecclesiastical members of the assembly; but upwards of fourscore of them, (among which was one bishop,) full of zeal for the discipline introduced into the Gallican church, demanded to be admitted immediately, to take the oath, without waiting for the appointed delay; and you may judge with what applause this patriotic enthusiasm was received. The whole body of bishops, and the remaining clergy, resolved

to wait in silence for the fatal day. Many people thought they would only express their determination, by not appearing; which, according to the tenor of the decree, was enough to incur the forfeiture of their sees. But, contrary to expectation, they went to the assembly, as usual, the Cardinal de la Rochefaucauld at their head. As the hour for taking the oaths approached, every art was employed to urge them to compliance: their lives were threatened by the enraged mob, that had been placed on purpose in the galleries, and round about the hall: cries of fury were heard from all sides; but, to the everlasting honour of the Church of France, they stood out like heroes; and protested, they were ready to die, but would never be prevailed upon to take an oath contrary to their conscience. Their firmness was so much admired by the mob itself, that the greatest silence succeeded to the cries of blood, that had filled the *Salle;* and amidst that

silence, they arose, walked out, and did not receive the least insult from the people, though the people seemed, a moment before, to be in fury. The remaining part of the assembly immediately gave orders to the president, to wait on the King, and charge him to execute the decree, which in other terms signifies, that His Majesty must issue out a proclamation, to elect all over France other bishops in the place of those who, by not swearing, have forfeited their sees. How these matters will turn out, God alone knows; but the undaunted courage of our prelates seems to make the deepest impression upon all minds. Twenty-eight clergymen, out of the eighty, that had taken the oath, have publicly retracted it; and it is hoped, there will be many more.

" Hitherto, I have only spoken of the clergy who are members of the *Assemblée Nationale*. But 119 bishops have already adhered to their declaration, and of course are resolved to share their fate. This makes

up almost the whole clergy of France; and it must be allowed, that church history hardly affords a single instance of this kind.

"This morning was appointed for the taking of the oath, in every parish church of Paris. The curates received their invitations a week ago; and I have been waiting until this moment to know the event. They are, as you know, 52 in all; and I am assured, that 9 only have taken it: but you have no conception of the shocking means that have been taken to force them against their consciences. At St. Sulpice, the mob was outrageous. The curate, a young man of great abilities, and still greater virtue, received 22 notes last night, by which he clearly saw there was a plan to get him murdered this morning, if he refused the oath. Notwithstanding the danger, he got up into the pulpit; spoke with the greatest vehemence; and would, infallibly, have been the victim of his zeal, had not his pa-

rishioners surrounded him as he came down, and saved his life from the villians, who had been sent on purpose, and filled a considerable part of the church. He knows, by name, a man who received yesterday 1100 livres to kill him this morning; but notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties of the Lord Mayor, he refused telling who it is. The curates of St. Marguerite, St. Paul, St. Gervais, St. Jean de Greve, have eloped; thinking it more prudent to withdraw, than to face a rabble worked up into fury, by every art that can be imagined.

"Such is the situation of this unfortunate town at this present moment. What it will be in a month hence, I know not. If the assembly prevail, we shall see, in a few weeks, the schism completely established; all intercourse with Rome cut off; and 83 schismatical bishops in the places of the 136 now existing; in which case, we must practise our religion in corners and holes, as you formerly did in Ireland. At the

Missions Etrangères all continues quiet. The oath does not regard any of us, as we are not reputed public men; but I believe the house will share the fate of all other religious establishments, and be suppressed in a few weeks. A thousand pardons for this long letter: but I supposed you would be glad to know how affairs go on in this country. The houses belonging to the suppressed convents are selling fast; but their church furniture remains untouched: I know not why.

"Receive, My Lord, and friend, the hearty wishes of me and mine.

"Your's for ever,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From Abbé Edgeworth to Miss Ussher, Dublin.

"Paris, 22d May, 1791.

"My dear Aunt,

"I have been long ago in your debt, but you know what a distracted life I lead, and

how much the actual situation of religion in this country must add to my embarrassments. Indeed our circumstances are dismal beyond expression: suffice it to say, that we are obliged to say mass in our rooms; to go about to the houses to hear the confessions of the faithful, instead of receiving them in the church; to administer the sick in private, and without any ceremony, &c. &c.; — in fine, we are much on the same footing, as to the exterior practice of religion, as you were in Ireland forty years ago. 'Tis not but there be still a few churches open in Paris, but they are occupied by the schismatic clergy, with whom no communication can be lawfully entertained. How all this will end, God alone knows! However, the truly apostolic behaviour of our bishops, and indeed I may say, of the whole bulk of the French clergy, makes me hope, that sooner or later, Almighty God will look down upon us in his mercy. My mother little feels these

changes that are making, as she enjoys the privileges of the poor nuns she lives with, who have liberty to practise *within their walls* whatever mode of worship they please, until death sweeps them off, one by one, out of this world. Indeed, it is cruel to see these sanctuaries of every virtue, shut up to thousands, who still wish to live and die there, far from the eyes of mankind. But God permits it so, and we must submit in silence.

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" Pray for me, my dear aunt; and believe me, in all your life you never prayed for a more tender nephew, or a better friend, than

" H. EDGEWORTH."

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan.

" Paris, 20th Sept. 1791.

" My Lord, and dear friend,

" I am long in your debt,—too long,

indeed; but you will pardon me, I am very sure, if you consider in what circumstances we have been since Easter last: all our churches shut up; a considerable number of our late labourers obliged to flee; those who remain, compelled by necessity to exercise their functions in private rooms, and to go about from house to house. This alone, without mentioning our other distresses, lets you see how distracting the holy ministry must be, in such a large town as this, where the quarters lying at so great a distance from each other, the work of a couple of hours is now become the work of a whole day. Pardon me, therefore, my dear friend; and be assured, that amid all my occupations, I have never lost sight of you.

"Both civil and religious matters go every day worse and worse in this unfortunate country. The king has accepted the new constitution: and though his want of liberty makes this acceptance evidently

null and void, it has given much concern to the clergy and nobility, his only two remaining friends. The former seems determined to continue bearing, with Christian fortitude, the severe trials which they seem to be threatened with; for though the expiring legislature appears inclined to lenity and toleration, it is vastly to be feared that the new one (mostly composed of deists, and those chosen in the lower classes of citizens, wherein sentiments of honour and generosity do not commonly prevail,) may push things very far. God alone can know what our doom may be. As to the nobility, they seem determined to re-establish monarchy, or die. They are daily going out in crowds to join the two princes; and it is generally thought, their number will soon amount to 23 or 30 thousand men, — all officers, or men of fashion; but regimented like common soldiers, and determined to re-establish the king upon his throne. But alas! how many unforeseen obstacles may subvert their plan!

And supposing no such obstacles occur, at how great a distance must the execution be; for, notwithstanding the too elated hopes of most people here, I cannot think matters will be ready before spring. We have, therefore, according to me, a more cruel winter to pass than any of those we have yet seen; and during that space of time, how many assaults will be given to the feeble remains of Christianity in this unfortunate kingdom!

"Our house subsists still; but in a few days, perhaps, it will share the fate of all other religious establishments, and fall to the ground. The plan of the committee has been lately published. St. Sulpice, St. Lazare, St. Nicholas, Missions Etrangeres, &c. &c.; to say all in a word, every ecclesiastical corporation in France is to be suppressed, according to this plan, and reduced to the same footing with the *regular ones*, which, as you know, were suppressed a year ago. The matter has not yet been

agitated in full assembly; but as the plan of the committee was printed by order of the whole house, it is generally thought it will be discussed and decreed before the separation of the present legislature; which, according to all probabilities, will take place in a week or two.

"There you have, My Lord, the outlines of our present situation, and of our hopes for time to come. I have never met but once with the articles you desire to purchase, and even then they were far from being complete. All candlesticks, whether silver or brass, are carried to the mint, there to be turned into coin: the quantities of the former are amazing, (if to candlesticks you add chalices, ciboriums, &c.) all lying in heaps, and profaned by every hand. But what must appear incredible, without a curse upon the nation, is, that notwithstanding the amazing quantity of silver coming every day to the mint, and there converted into coin, there is not so much

as one six livre piece to be seen in circulation: all disappears, and goes I know not where; and the only current species are a kind of bank-notes, warranted upon the lands of the clergy, and losing from 17 to 20 per cent. What a situation!

"My mother and sister join in kind respects to you and your worthy family. Remember me, I beg of you, in your prayers, and believe me ever your's.

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From the same to the same.

"Paris, 21st March, 1792.

"My Lord, and ever dear friend,

"I am indeed become a very bad correspondent; but our numberless distresses, and the increase of labour that results from them, accounts for all, and pleads my excuse, at least in part.

"We little expected a year ago, that we would be at this day as far from harmony and peace, as we were at the beginning of

our troubles. Every month was to put an end to them, and bring in relief from the four neighbouring powers, as closely concerned in our debates as we are ourselves. This delusive hope, kept up from week to week by foreign letters, has supported our spirits, under the rod of iron that sways at present, and which no internal force can now control. But the untimely death of the Emperor has reduced our hopes to narrow bounds; or, at least, has cast them off to a very uncertain period. However, I cannot suppose this unseasonable event can make any material change in politics; and whatever the private opinion of the new King of Bohemia may be, I think him bound in honour to make good all the promises of his father: nay, it is evidently his interest; for, considering the great zeal of our new apostles, he cannot expect to enjoy peace in his own dominions, if the spirit of insubordination that now prevails in France is not effectually repressed.

"In the meanwhile, this unfortunate country is in a state of anarchy not to be described. Each province, each city, each village, is a little independent republic, and receives no orders from king, ministers, or council, but as much as is agreeable to its private interests, or to its fancy. The priests who refuse taking the oath are, in some places, banished; in others, locked up, contrary to the decree of the national assembly. The city of Arles is, at the moment I am writing these lines, besieged by a large body of Marseillois, to whom the Protestants of the neighbouring towns intend joining their colours. At Toulouse, Lyons, &c. all churches are shut up; in order to compel, thereby, the faithful flock to the constitutional parishes. In short, God alone can put an end to the anarchy that prevails, almost in every province of this unfortunate kingdom, and restore it to its former splendour.

"In the midst of all this confusion, we enjoy,—would you believe it?—peace and quiet in Paris. The constitutional churches are desert. On Ash-Wednesday, the audience of St. Sulpice was of twenty-one souls, men and women. The new-formed clergy are seldom called upon but for burials, marriages, and other acts wherein their presence is necessary, *according to the law*: all other religious functions are performed by the old clergy, but in secret, mass excepted, which they say publicly in the convents, and other churches that remain, and unmolested, though highly obnoxious to the patriots. We are indebted for this kind of liberty to the philosophical spirit that prevails in the department of Paris; but this same spirit will, in all probability, soon introduce other regulations, not quite so agreeable to the Catholic cause, viz. the suppression of the remaining secular congregations, which perhaps will be decreed

after to-morrow; and even that of the ecclesiastical dress, which certainly will soon take place.

There, my dear friend, you have the outlines of our present situation, and of our hopes for seeing better times. Pray for us; indeed we want it much. My mother and sister are well, and join in most respectful compliments to you and yours. I do not speak of mine, as you know my sentiments, and surely they shall last as long as my life.

"I am informed that the army of Marseille, finding some difficulty in recruiting, has not yet begun the siege of Arles."

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Nov. 21.

"My Lord, and dear friend,

"I received, a few days ago, a letter, dated from Bath, 1st instant; the contents whereof, being quite out of the sphere of our

correspondence, I have every reason to suppose that it must have been through mistake that you directed to me. Was the business mentioned therein of any moment, I would inclose it here; but as it contains nothing but a promise of paying attention, as soon as an opportunity offers, to the recommendations made to you of a Mr. O'Donnell, I think it needless to put you to the expense of double postage, and deem it your intention, that I should commit it to the flames.

"I was vastly pleased to hear by this same occasion, that your health had benefited much by the waters. May Almighty God restore it to its primitive vigour, and preserve you long for his glory, and the advantage of the flock committed to your care!

"Our situation is still the same: the tranquillity of Paris remains undisturbed. The few honest people who continue faithful to their God and king, keep silence, and

weep daily over the ruins of the altar and the throne, without the least hope of seeing the re-establishment of things. I am almost the only man I know of, who dare raise up his head, and hope for happier times. May Providence bring about what I foresee! for the astonishing success of our armies must be either a miracle wrought in their favour, or a snare into which they give; and for my part, I see much less probability for the miracle than for the snare. A few weeks more *must* disclose the whole mystery; and in the meanwhile our only resource is, to hope and pray.

" The persecution raised against the Catholic clergy is abating by degrees; and, with a little caution, we can still be of service to the small number of faithful who stick to their lawful pastor, and listen to his voice. Our greatest difficulty is to correspond with him: all letters to and from the place he now resides, being intercepted, or, at least, liable to an inspection, vastly dan-

gerous for the person to whom they would be ascribed. I hope, however, that the mode of correspondence lately imagined, and practised with success, will continue the same, and take us out of the wilderness in which we have hitherto strayed.

"I forgot telling you in my last, that your friend, Pere Gagnieres, of Toulouse, was one of the victims of the 2nd of September. He was long retired at St. François de Sales, where he was seized, with many other respectable men; from thence conducted to the public prison, and there murdered on that fatal day. Pere Nuellou, another friend of your's, had the same fate, a few months before, at Avignon; and the Jesuits, who seem to be singled out all over France for destruction, are now almost cut down. My mother and sister are still in their convent — the only one, perhaps, now remaining in Paris; and, really I hope they will continue there unmolested, until the re-establishment of all things.

"I recommend myself to your prayers, and remain,

"Ever your's,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

Soon after the date of this letter, other and more important scenes than those in which he had yet been engaged, opened to the Abbé de Firmont. The progress of that political revolution by which France was demoralised and Europe convulsed, and which ended in the most horrid waste of human blood that history records, called him to the discharge of some of the most arduous and important duties of his ministry. The following letter, copied by the present writer during the lifetime of the late Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, from a transcript of the original, then in the possession of that venerated prelate, contains the interesting history of the Abbé's life, from the period when the last inserted letter was written,

until his arrival in England, in the year 1796; from which time, his original letters continue to 1807.

To Mr. Usher Edgeworth, Dublin.

"London, 1st Sept. 1796.

"I am sure my dear Usher will be agreeably surprised to hear that I have at last escaped from France, and am now safe landed on British ground. My dismal story, during these last four years, will, no doubt, be a matter of curiosity for him. But, were I to write it at large, a volume would hardly suffice. The outlines thereof is, therefore, all that can be expected from me to-day; and to them I shall confine myself, until, in happier times, I can give him my history at large.

"To begin with what gave rise to all, I must tell you, (what perhaps you have never known,) that hazard, if *hazard* be not an empty word, brought me acquainted

a few years ago with Madame Elizabeth of France; one of the most accomplished, and (I really do believe) the most virtuous princess, without exception, then existing in Europe. Though a foreigner, and in every respect, little entitled to the honour of her acquaintance, I soon became a friend; and she placed an unbounded confidence in me. Still, I was not personally known either to the King or Queen. They were, indeed, no strangers to my name; and in those latter times, had often expressed their astonishment, on hearing how freely I resorted to the palace, whilst round about, all was terror and woe. The fact was, I never apprehended the danger to be what it really was; and while no clergyman dared appear at court, if not completely disguised, I went there in open day, once or twice a week, without ever changing my dress. Indeed, when I turn my thoughts upon these shocking times, I am amazed to have been so bold. But Providence, I suppose, blinded

me on purpose; and in reality, though my presence always occasioned a little bustle among the guards, I never received any insult from them. Thus I continued, until the eve of the fatal day on which the royal family was arrested: for the 9th of August, (I remember it still,) Madame Elizabeth desired to see me, and I spent a good part of the morning in her closet, little aware of the scene of horror that was brewing for the 10th.

"I shall give no account of the cruel manner in which the royal family was treated on the occasion, as I suppose the public facts are well known to you; and for the present, must confine my narrative to what regards myself.

"Hitherto, the revolution had in some measure respected me; and though deeply afflicted by the misfortune of my friends, my person and little property remained untouched. But I soon had *my* turn; and a woeful one it was indeed. No sooner had

the King been transferred from the Convention Hall to the Temple, but my house was broken open at midnight, by an armed gang of about forty or fifty men. I was fast asleep; and the room I occupied, lying far from the street, they were already within doors before I awoke. But as they advanced, breaking down whatever opposed their passage, I started from my rest, and soon concluding, from the horrid noise with which my ears were struck, that my last hour was come; I really had no other thought but that of recommending my soul to God, and preparing for death. Upon reflection, however, I thought it better to face the danger than to be murdered in my bed. I therefore flew to the door before it was broke down; and in opening it, the first object I perceived, was a dozen villains holding torches in their hands, and armed with every instrument of death. A kind of officer seemed to be at their head, and to him I walked up, demanding with more

assurance than I really had, what was the meaning of all this noise, at such a time of night? He looked at me in the face with an insolence not to be described; and after viewing me a few moments, "*You are not the man,*" said he; but soon after, as if he repented having relieved my mind by these words, he came up to me again, and rushing into my room, he demanded to see my papers. This proposal was a thunderbolt to me; for I had papers of some importance; and many of them, if too nicely viewed, might have brought me to the block: however, I affected security; and as the number was too great to be examined in one night, I took care to cast in his way insignificant pieces, or pieces which I supposed he would scarcely understand. This labour puzzled him vastly; and soon losing patience, he concluded I was not the person whom he was charged to arrest; but resolved not to quit the house without a capture: he turned to a friend of mine, lodging

under the same roof, and finding on his table a letter just received from Germany, in which there happened to be a few suspicious words, he hurried him away to prison, where he was murdered a few days after, without any form of trial.

"This horrid catastrophe convincing me more and more, that the most innocent papers might become an awful tool in the hands of the ruling party, I resolved to sacrifice all these I had in my possession, though many of them were dear to me, and of real importance. Two days were spent in this painful task; and happy I was to have had the thought; for the job was hardly over, when my house was assaulted a second time, but in mid-day, and with all the form of a regular pursuit: one hundred men, at least, were employed on this occasion. My papers were searched with a far more attentive eye than before: the inquest lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning. But all suspicious pieces having been destroyed,

and no charge appearing against me, I was once more restored to peace. I cannot, however, but recollect with gratitude, a singular instance of the protection of God, which I received on the occasion; for, notwithstanding all my care to destroy whatever papers could bring suspicions upon me, a letter just received from the agent of Monsieur (now Lewis XVIII.) had escaped my notice: it betrayed in very clear terms all my connections with the court. The villains had it in their hands; but being fatigued, did not think of giving it a glance. I myself was unaware of its existence; but meeting it a few days after, and calling to mind in whose possession it had been, all my blood chilled in my veins; and I could not but acknowledge with gratitude, on this, though seemingly insignificant occurrence, the hand of all-ruling Providence.

"These, and many other incidence of less moment, which I have not time to relate, happened from the 10th of August to

the 2nd September, when a new scene of horror took place: but, as I suppose you have read the history of these woful days, I shall here abstain from unnecessary details, and confine my pen to what regards myself. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that as soon as I had heard the fire-bells, by which the massacre was solemnly announced, and the uproar it occasioned in the town, a faithful servant was dispatched to know what could be the cause thereof. The poor boy soon came back half dead with fright, informing me, that a neighbouring prison (formerly a church) was broke open by the mob; that the valuable prisoners, in the number of whom were my intimate friends, had already lost their lives; that the butchery was still going on; and, that as soon as the assassins would have finished there, their intention was to come up to my house, Rue du Bacq. This indeed was distressing news; for the streets being crowded, and I well known by all, it was no easy matter to escape: how-

ever, as there was no time to lose, I instantly quit my usual dress, and disguised as well as I could, I resolved to make an attempt to get off. This attempt succeeded beyond all my expectations. Not a soul appeared to take notice of me as I passed, and I was happy enough to gain my mother's lodging, where I lay concealed for a few weeks.

"But an idle report, whispered abroad at first, and unfortunately for me, soon after published in a journal, obliged me to quit my new abode, and seek for shelter in some more distant place. The story was, that M. L'Abbé de Firmont (for under this name I am commonly known in Paris) had taken party among the national guards; and profiting of his new disguisement, had found means to introduce himself into the Temple, where he had frequent conferences with Madame Elizabeth, and of course, with the King himself. I am confident that this incoherent story was not believed by

one single man of sense; but the suspicion alone was treason; and the friends of the royal family, as well as my own, fearing the consequences thereof, engaged me to leave Paris, for a while, in order to discredit the report. This was distressing to me; but necessity had no law; and I returned to Choisy, a small village nine miles off. Here I lay completely unknown, under the name of Edgeworth, and reputed an Englishman of small fortune, of quiet disposition, and retired from Paris in quest of peace. But I had not been long in this kind of solitude, when the archbishop of Paris, obliged to fly from his diocess, vested me with all his powers, and charged me with the government of his flock: — an awful trust at any time; but in the horrid confusion that then prevailed, a trust far beyond my capacity or strength. However, I deemed it a duty to comply; and from that day all my thoughts were bent upon returning to Paris. But, as I was debating in my own mind the dif-

ferent measures to be taken, in order to discharge the trust, with as little danger as possible for myself, a trust still more awful was thrown in my way.

"The unfortunate Lewis XVI. foreseeing to what lengths the malice of his enemies was likely to go, and resolved to be prepared, at all events, cast his eyes on me to assist him in his last moments, if condemned to die; but would not make any application to the ruling party, nor even mention my name without my consent. The message he sent was moving beyond expression, and worded in a manner which I never shall forget. A king, though in chains, had a right to command; but he commanded not. My attendance was requested, merely *as a pledge of my affection for him—as a favour which he hoped I would not refuse: but, as the service was likely to be attended with some danger for me, he dared not insist, and only prayed (in case I deemed the danger to be too great) to point out to*

him a clergyman worthy of his confidence, but less known than I was myself; leaving the person absolutely to my choice.

"This message, as you may believe, gave me more to think than any message I had received in my life. The general opinion was, that the clergyman called to that awful ministry, would not survive his prince: and it must be allowed, that the horrid policy that prevailed at that time, made this opinion probable enough. However, as far as I can judge, this consideration was not the one which preyed most upon my mind; and if I do not delude myself, I was perfectly resigned to my fate. But the confusion in which I saw the largest diocess of France, now committed to my care, was a consideration of far greater weight with me, as I clearly saw myself lost for it, whether I survived the King or not. However, being obliged to take my party upon the spot, I resolved to comply with what appeared to be, at that moment, the

call of Almighty God; and committing to his providence all the rest, I made answer to the most unfortunate of kings, 'That whether he lived or died, I would be his friend to the last.'

"As soon as I had given the final answer, I received orders to remain in Paris, and not to stir out of my house until I saw what turn affairs would take. Many days elapsed; and I leave you to judge, in what tortures of mind they were spent. However, I profited of them, to put my affairs in order; to make my will, and provide, as well as I could, for the diocess, in case of death. But the greatest difficulty was, how to conceal all those dispositions from my mother and sister, with whom I then lodged; having no better hiding place in Paris than a corner of their small apartment, where I took my meals, received crowds, and slept. Thus I continued involved in business and anxiety until the 20th January, when I re-

ceived a note from the executive council, worded as follows:

'*Le concile executif provisoire, ayant une affaire de la plus haute importance à communiquer au Citoyen Edgeworth de Firmont, l'invite à passer sans perdre un instant au lieu de ses séances,*' &c.

"It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and a coach was waiting at my door; but as I knew my poor mother would be alarmed to see me go out at that time of the night, whilst all was danger in the streets, I sent immediately for an intimate friend of her's, and gave her my secret, requesting of her to keep it, until she had news of me; and tell my mother, same time, that I had been suddenly called upon, to assist a dying person, and would not come home until morning. This quieted her completely; but Betty was no dupe. 'Oh,' said she to her friend, 'the dying person, is the King! I

'always apprehended this moment for my 'brother — he is lost for me: but his duty 'is to go, and I must resign myself to my 'fate.'

"Here, my dear Ussher, you will doubtless expect a full account of the most woful day that ever shined over France, and of the dismal night that preceded it! But part of this account, I suppose is well known to you; and what still remains unpublished, I cannot commit to paper, until I have seen the unfortunate remains of the Bourbon family, with whom I have never corresponded since. As soon as I have paid my debts to them, you will certainly be the first informed; and see, perhaps, in the unfortunate Lewis XVI. a prince, who with every virtue, had but one fault, — that of thinking too well of others, whilst he refused common justice to himself.*

* The least attentive reader must have observed, that in the account of the death of *Louis*, given here

"But to resume my private history, for it alone I mean to write, you will undoubtedly be curious by what luck I escaped the danger, which both friends and foes apprehended on this occasion, for my life. To this, the only answer I can give is, that I really know it not: all that I can say is, that as soon as the fatal blow was given, I fell upon my knees, and thus remained until the vile wretch, who acted the principal part in this horrid tragedy, came with shouts of joy, showing the bleeding head to the mob, and sprinkling me with the blood that streamed from it. Then,

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and elsewhere by the Abbé Edgeworth, he has made no mention of the sublime apostrophe to which, as the fatal axe deprived France of one of her best monarchs, he gave utterance — "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ceil!*" The motive of such an omission is obvious. But never was a finer sentiment uttered on such an occasion; and if it reached the ear of the murdered king before life had fled, it must have filled his mind with more than ordinary consolation and courage.

indeed, I thought it time to quit the scaffold; but casting my eyes round about, I saw myself invested by twenty or thirty thousand men in arms; and to pierce the crowd, seemed to me a foolish attempt. However, as I must take that party, or by remaining, appear to share the public joy, my only resource was, to recommend myself to Providence, and steer my course towards the side on which the ranks seemed to have less depth. All eyes were fixed on me, as you may suppose; but as soon as I reached the first line, to my great surprise, no resistance was made: the second line opened in the same manner; and when I got to the fourth or fifth, my coat, being a common surtout, (for I was not permitted, on this occasion, to wear any exterior marks of a priest,) I was absolutely lost in the crowd, and no more noticed than if I had been a simple spectator of a scene which for ever will dishonour France.

" My first thought, upon finding myself alive and free, was to run in all speed to M. de Malsherbes, for whom the King had given me a most important errand. I found the unfortunate old man bathed in tears; and the account I gave him did not serve, as you may believe, to wipe them off: but soon forgetting his own misfortunes, to rescue me, if possible, from those which he deemed to be still impending upon my head, 'Fly,' says he to me, 'fly, my dear Sir, 'from this land of horror, and from the 'tigers that are now let loose in it: no, 'they never will pardon the attachment 'you have professed for the most unfor- 'tunate of kings; and what you have done 'this morning is a crime which, sooner or 'later, they will resent. I, myself, though 'less exposed to their fury than you, intend 'going off, without delay, to my country- 'seat; but you, my dear Sir, it is not Paris 'alone, but France itself you must leave; 'as for you, I do not see a spot safe in it.'

" This was, undoubtedly, the advice of friendship; but three powerful considerations made me deaf to all proposals of the kind, viz. the diocese to which I owed myself, as long as it was possible to hold my ground in it; Madame Elizabeth, with whom, notwithstanding her close confinement, I corresponded from time to time, and whom I had promised never to forsake; and lastly, the King himself had given me some commands of great importance, which it was impossible for me to discharge, if not in France. Hence, thinking I could reconcile all duties by absconding for a time, I only wrote a note to Betty, informing her that I was alive: and as soon as it was duskish I got into a carriage, and retired in great secrecy to a friend three leagues off.

" This friend, whose name must be no longer a secret for you, since to him your brother owes his life, was the Baron de Lezardier; a nobleman of unspotted character, advanced in years, and then living in opu-

lence. He not only received me with open arms, but slighting all the dangers to which he exposed himself and family, by giving shelter to such a guest, he insisted upon my looking on his house as my own, and seeking out for no other living-place. There I received during three months every attention that the most delicate friendship could invent; and though the family was large, and the servants numerous, my existence was hardly perceived out of doors, so well the secret was kept.

"But I had not been long in this charming solitude, when I received an information from Paris, that my head was demanded in three different clubs, and especially by the Jacobins', as the only atonement equal to my guilt, for having openly professed my attachment for the dying tyrant, &c. This was alarming news indeed; but a gazetteer (friend or foe, I know not,) having published, a few days after, that I had got safe over to England, and there had frequent

conferences, not only with the principal emigrants, but with Mr. Pitt himself, this idle story was credited by all, and I completely forgot.

" However, the fiction, though favorable to me in one sense, distressed me much on the other side, as it obliged me to abscond more cautiously than ever; for had I been found out in France, after such a report, I must have been in the eyes of government no less than an emissary of the court of England, an agent to the emigrants, and an emigrant myself—all titles that made my case the blacker, by adding to my former guilt. Hence I was obliged to keep within doors more than ever; nor could I venture out to Paris, but by night. There I dared not remain more than a day or two at a time; and though my house should be open to all, since to all I owed myself, few people knew where it was, or how to get admittance into it. 'Tis true, that from my solitude in the country, I entertained a large correspond-

ence with the town; but all kind of business could not be transacted by letters, and I soon perceived that the diocese committed to my care, far from prospering in my hands, suffered immensely by my absence.

"In this distressing situation, and really knowing not what party to take, I wrote a long letter to the Archbishop, informing him of all, demanding his advice. But unfortunately for me, my letter, though directed to one of the commanding officers upon the frontier, (who favoured, underhand, my correspondence,) was seized, opened, and sent back to the *Comité de Salut Public.* Soon after, the house of M. de Lezardier, where I lay concealed, was assaulted in midday; and the whole family supposing the storm to be directed against me alone, fell at my knees, requesting I would provide for my own safety by a timely flight. I yielded, though indeed with some reluctancy, to their entreaties; and casting into the fire

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all my papers, I escaped by a back-road into the fields, where I remained until it was dark. But how bitter was my grief, when coming back at night I was informed, that my valuable friend was carried into prison with his youngest son, and eldest daughter; and that upon the road to Paris three different times the blood-thirsty gang had held council, to know, whether it was not best to shorten the business by murdering them upon the spot. My mind was, indeed, relieved a few days after, (at least in some degree,) by the positive assurance given me, that amongst the many questions put to the three prisoners upon their arrival in Paris, not a word had been said about me; which clearly proved that I had not been the innocent cause of their misfortune: but the best of friends was not less in danger, (for prison and death now began to be synonymous words in France,) and my papers were lost for ever.

" This accident, however, did not prove fatal to M. Lezardier; and after ten days confinement he was dismissed. As to my papers, those I regret the most, and shall in all probability ever lament, were the letters written to me from the Temple by Madame Elizabeth, of which I have already hinted to you, (but this to you and no other mortal, as the time for revealing all is not yet come,) that, notwithstanding the unrelenting vigilance of her guardians, this unfortunate Princess found means to correspond with me from time to time, and to take my advice on many critical occurrences of her prison. These letters were conveyed to me in a ball of silk; and all measures so prudently taken, that the correspondence, though at last suspected, was never found out entirely. I had already destroyed, in one of my critical moments, all those she had wrote to me on different subjects before her confinement; nor was I sensible of the loss, as she was still alive

to repair it; but when I now reflect that she is no more, and that her last pages, bathed with her tears, and painting in so lively colours her resignation and her courage, are now lost for posterity, I cannot but lament it as a public misfortune.

" But, to return to my subject, the poor officer who had favoured my correspondence with the Archbishop of Paris was soon called to an account for the anonymous letter that had been put into the post under his cover; and the affair being likely to take a very serious turn, not indeed for him, as he could plead ignorance of the contents, but for the author thereof, whose existence in France could be no longer a problem, all my friends joined in requesting I would retire without delay to some remote province. I had only time to see my poor mother, whom I embraced for the last time, and to provide, as well as the circumstances would permit, for the government of the diocese: these two duties

fulfilled, I got into a carriage, and, under the name of Essex, I got off to Montigny, where M. Le Comte de Roche Chouart received me with all politeness in his castle.

"Here my first business was to write to the faithful agent of Madame Elizabeth, giving her, at full length, my direction, in case she had any silk-ball to send to me. This letter was directed to her house, and signed Essex; but no sooner was it put into the post-office, when I was informed on one side that the very person to whom I wrote had been arrested a few days after I had left Paris, *for favouring a clandestine correspondence of one of the royal prisoners;* and on the other side, that a friend of mine being cited before the *Comité de Salut Public*, and questioned about the letter I had written to the Archbishop, had inadvertently discovered the name under which I was endeavouring to conceal my existence. This was fatal, indeed; for the letter, which I had just cast into the

post-office, being directed to a prisoner, must of course go to the *Comité de Salut Public*, and there the *Comité* found, without farther enquiries, not only my hand-writing to compare it with that of the anonymous letter written to the Archbishop, but my name at full length, and every means of coming up to me, given by myself. I leave you to judge, my dear Ussher, into what perplexities I was cast by this accident; but Providence looked down upon my distress; and after a whole week spent in the most cruel anxieties, I, at last, had news from the person herself, informing me that the affair had been hushed up, and that my letter had got safe.

" I pass under silence many incidents of less importance which I met with during the four months I spent with M. de la Roche Chouart, to come to a last one which obliged me to fly off, and seek for a better hiding place. The *Comité de Salut Public* having got hold of the name under

which I concealed my existence in France, caused an article, relative to I know not what correspondence supposed to have existed between between Louis XVI. and the King of Prussia, to be inserted in the public papers. The article was insignificant in itself; but the author, in order to obtain more credit for his story, took care to advertise the public, that he was indebted for the anecdote to Mr. Essex, the last friend of Louis XVI.; and, of course, well informed of all that had passed. This paper came to Montigny, where I was publicly known; and reputed, until then, an English gentleman of small fortune, travelling for his business or for his health; but the resemblance of names, and I know not what in my person, when nicely viewed, that betrayed a clergyman, soon gave rise to other thoughts. During the first days, I paid but little attention to what was whispered about, hoping that the author and the anecdote would be soon forgot; but, as I was thus

endeavouring so tranquillise myself, a man advanced in years, and of most noble appearance, comes up to the castle and enquires for Mr. Essex; he is introduced, and all witnesses being removed, 'Sir,' says he, 'your existence in this house is no 'secret for the public, nor has it hitherto 'occasioned the least surmise, as you have 'been supposed to be a man of no import-'ance: but a paragraph inserted lately in 'the papers is now the subject of all con-'versations, and all eyes in this neighbour-'hood are fixed upon you. Be so good as 'to read the article, and if in it you behold 'your own features;—oh! my dear Sir, 'give leave to a man who was your friend 'before he had the honour of seeing you, 'to request of you to provide for your own 'safety by a timely flight; for here you in-'fallibly will be arrested.'

"This unexpected visit gave me, as you may suppose, much to think. I thanked the gentleman, in the warmest terms; and

after holding a council with the few friends I had made in that part of France, it was unanimously resolved that I must fly with all speed, and seek for shelter in some other place. I pitched upon Fontainbleau, as one of the quietest spots in France. There I had neither friends nor acquaintances; but a lady whom I had never seen but once, apprised of my arrival, flew to my assistance: her credit, her purse, her servants, all was at my disposal, and my mother could not do more for me than she did, during my stay in that place. But, unfortunately, it was not long, for an order was issued to arrest all foreigners, and for me arrestations was sure death. I therefore was obliged, once more, to seek for shelter and rest in some other spot. The Baron Lezardier, who never lost sight of me amidst my distresses, had an old servant, a man of uncommon resolution and undaunted courage; him he dispatched to protect me in my flight. We both fell into the hands of an

armed troop, appointed to survey all travellers, and to take up all whom they took in their fancy to suspect: but the fierce and bold countenance of my companion got me off; and, thanks to his zeal, I arrived without accident at Bayeux, in Normandy, two hundred miles from Paris.

" Here I had it in my power to get off to England, as the coasts were but poorly guarded: but Madame Elizabeth was still alive, and if she came to danger, I was resolved to keep my word, and to be her friend to the last, let the consequences be what they would for myself. Hence I stopped at Bayeux, and took up my lodging in a poor hut, where I lay unnoticed: nobody suspecting that a man of my importance could be lodged in so dismal a place. Soon after, the Baron de Lezardier, hunted from town to town, came to join me in this hole, with his three daughters and youngest son; and there we remained eighteen months, almost absolutely forgot. He was still in

opulence when he arrived; but his castle being burned to the ground, all his lands seized, and most of his friends destroyed by the guillotine, he soon fell into poverty, and I became his only resource. My friends, that were numerous, and some of them still wealthy, seeing me in this situation, came on all sides to my assistance; and with the supplies I received from them, (without my ever asking,) and the little I received from you, I have had the happiness to maintain, not indeed in opulence, but still above want, one of the most respectable families in France.

"Our solitude, indeed, was daily bathed with our tears, (though otherwise comfortable enough,) for there, my poor Baron, after the loss of all he possessed in this world, was apprised of the death of his two sons, young men of the greatest merit: (a third one had been murdered in the prisons of Paris, and the fourth is actually trying for his life.) Soon after, he received the

shocking news of his four sisters being shot, on the same day, as they were flying in the fields to avoid something worse. On my side, it was in this same solitude that I received the fatal news of my poor mother's being arrested, and of her soon sinking under her grief: that Betty was torn from her, and conducted from prison to prison, partly on my account: in fine, that Madame Elizabeth, the glory of religion, and the idol of France, had fell a victim to the cruel policy of our tyrants, at the moment I expected it the least. I must confess that this last blow went to my heart, every bit as much as the loss of my dear mother: for I was in France merely on her account; and resolved to fly to her assistance, any day or hour she called upon me, let the consequences be ever so bitter for myself: but she was no more, when I first heard of her being taken from the Temple. Only sixteen hours elapsed between her being brought to judgment, and her death; and

my only consolation ever since is to think, that had I been in Paris I could not have been any service to her, as nobody even suspected, on that day, that she was in the fatal cart. Be that as it will, no sooner had I been informed of her death, than I resolved to leave France. It was now a duty to fly, as it was one to remain as long as she was in *life*; for, a few days before her confinement, she had intrusted me with her last will (by word of mouth), and requested I would execute it in person, any day that I heard of her death. It is upon this errand that I am now in London, and as soon as I close this letter, I set off for Edinburgh.

At the time of Abbé Edgeworth's arrival in London, the fugitive royal family of France were at Edinburgh; and hence, agreeably to the promise given by him to

the princess Elizabeth, he hastened thither, to make the desired communications to them. How this unhappy family received the intrepid and unshaken friend of the murdered Louis XVI. — the depository of his desires, his wishes, and his last testamentary recollections, need scarcely be told. The presence of such a man was calculated to bring consolation to even the most afflicted amongst them.

The manner in which the English nation received, and provided for the maintainance and support of the exiled and persecuted French clergy, is such as does honour to human nature, whilst it dignifies the national character of the English; and the offer of a pension to the Abbé Edgeworth from His present Majesty, through the minister, Mr. Pitt, proves that virtue, under whatever garb it appears, draws forth the spontaneous tribute of admiration and respect. It was consistent with the unam-

bitious habits of the confessor of Louis, to decline at that moment the offered pension; but it will be found by a subsequent letter in the present collection, that at an after, and more adverse period of his life, the debt was claimed by the Abbé, and acknowledged with pleasure and alacrity by the minister.

Whilst the Abbé remained in London, he was honoured by the attentions of some of the most distinguished personages in the empire; and the trustees of the Royal Catholic College at Maynooth, solicited him, through Dr. Moylan, to accept of the situation of president to that establishment. The college has, probably, cause to regret his declining the proffered honour; but the literary reader will feel astonished when he learns, that one of the motives expressed by a venerable trustee, for pressing the situation upon the Abbé, was a dread that the

Rev. John Chetwode Eustace* (a name sacred to classical literature) would be appointed to that office by his friend Dr. Hussey, late Catholic Bishop of Waterford! Mr.

* The reader of "the Classical Tour through Italy" will peruse with some interest the following poetical essay of its lamented and elegant author. It was written to be recited by one of the early students at the college of Maynooth, on the day when Earl Camden, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, laid the foundation stone of that college.

"Arise, Ierne! dry thy tears,
The shades of night are chas'd away;
The blissful beam of morn appears,
And long shall last the coming day.

"Lo! *Persecution's* iron mace,
That long oppress'd thy fertile land,
And crush'd thy brave ill-fated race,
Drops broken from her wither'd hand.

"Behold! the fiends that rang'd our isle,
Suspicion, Hatred, civil Strife,
Whose open force or lurking guile,
Empoison'd all the sweets of life—

"Fly blasted from the face of light,
With all their gloomy train of woes,
And sink at once in hell and night:—
From hell and night they first arose!

Eustace at the moment filled the chair of *Belles Lettres* in the college: — the causes of the disgust which led that gentleman to

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" Behold! a patriot King's command
Has call'd the public virtues forth;
And sent them a confed'rate band,
To raise and cherish drooping worth;

" (With kindred *Pity*) to assuage
The sorrows of thy mourning swains;
Recal once more a golden age,
And pour abundance o'er thy plains;

" To lead thy scatter'd offspring home,
Aliens and *exiles* now no more;
Though long — too long condemn'd to roam,
And languish on a foreign shore;

" But chief — to form thy infant race
To ev'ry kind and gen'rous art;
Adorn their souls with ev'ry grace,
With ev'ry virtue warm their heart.

" Ev'n now before thy wond'ring eyes,
Behold! at noble *Camden's* call,
Thy sacred towers already rise,
Already spreads the spacious wall.

" See! led by him, the smiling muse
Descends to view her future seat;
Assumes her harp, her notes renews,
And greets him in her new retreat.

resign a situation which no one was better fitted to fill with benefit to the country, it is not necessary to notice in this place.

" O Camden, patron of our youth!
'Tis thine to raise the useful pile,
Sacred to virtue, order, truth,
And hope, long banish'd from our isle.

" For other chiefs let arches swell,
And pompous obelisks arise;
Let haughty domes their glory tell,
And bear their trophies to the skies.

" In breathing bronze, or marble warm
As glowing life, let heroes stand;
And long a venerable form,
Attract the wonder of the land.

" Let vulgar fame thus fondly trust
Such mould'ring monuments of pride;
That, vain as man — return to dust,
And sink in Time's oblivious tide.

" Here be thy trophies; — not alone
To yon auspicious work consign'd;
Not cast in *brass*, not rais'd in *stone*,
But stamp'd upon th' *immortal mind!*

" While many a chief repuls'd by fame,
And many a statesman lies forgot;
Nurs'd by the muse, thy favour'd name
Shall live and flourish on this spot.

After a short visit to Edinburgh the Abbé returned to London; but he was soon again called to mix in unexpected scenes, and to join his destiny with what he terms in one of his letters, "*the most unhappy family living.*" — The following letter explains the circumtances which led to his change of residence.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Blankenbourg: Duché de Brunswick,

"27th July, 1797.

"My Lord, and dearest friend,

"I am long, long indeed, in your debt; but so many things have happened since I corresponded with you last, that my silence cannot be deemed a fault. I suppose you

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"Here, ever new to future days,
Thy better glories shall descend;
And hearts too young to lavish praise,
Shall hail *thee—founder, father, friend!*"

have heard before now of my sudden elopement from London in February last: I then was only waiting for fair weather to cross the channel, and pay you a visit in Ireland; being at last free from all engagements, and master of my moments, as I thought. But, at the instant I expected it the least, a most extraordinary affair came all the way from Paris to Berkley-street, and obliged me to run off, without even taking leave of the few friends I had in London. This last circumstance, had I known I was going off for ever, would certainly have distressed me much; but I was firmly convinced, that the very business that carried me away in so great a hurry, would command a still more speedy return; and three weeks, at most, was what I allotted in my own mind to go, stay, and come back. Hence, though averse to the voyage, I went off in peace. But, how great was my amazement on landing here, to find that the business I came upon was only a snare, cast in my way

by Providence to conduct me on to his ends, unknown to myself: for it is impossible for me now to view it in any other light, since the King, instead of sending me back, as the very nature of the business seemed to require, insisted upon my transacting it by letter, and uniting my fate to his for life.

"'Tis needless to tell you, my dear friend, what party I have taken, as, upon such an occasion, there can be but one to take. Certain it is, that, had Providence given me the choice of the line in which I would be most willing to serve him here below, I would not have chosen the one he has been pleased to put me in; as I do not think a court life is calculated for me, nor I for it:—but he knows best; and when he manifests his will as clearly, as he has done on this occasion, I see no other party but to adore, be silent, and submit. 'Tis true that the court life here has really neither dangers nor distractions, Blankenbourg being very near as deep a solitude as

La Trappe, but things cannot always remain so; — nay, many circumstances seem to hint an impending change in France; and if so, I must confess that Versailles would not be my favourite spot. But I trust in God that when this takes place, he will settle matters so as to restore me to my former retirement in Rue du Bacq, which of all situations in life is the one I perhaps relish the most.

"Indeed, I am vexed beyond expression to have spent six months in your neighbourhood without paying you a visit; especially when I consider that I am now farther off than I was at any period of my life. But for your consolation, as well as for my own, I can tell you that I am not without hopes of returning to London for a short time; in which case, you may be sure that I shall not procrastinate as I have done, but run over to Ireland in all speed, before I do any thing else.

"As far as I can judge by the newspapers, your inland situation is more promising than it was four months backwards. You have really seen very woful days; and more than once I have apprehended for you something like what we have so cruelly experienced in France. But I trust in God's mercy that all is over; and that such machinations will at least open the eyes, not only of the English government, but really of all the governments of Europe: for of late they all seem to be gone to sleep, or to be struck with blindness worse again than sleep.

"Pray for me — I request it of you more than ever — because more than ever I stand in need thereof; and be assured that no man here below is more sincerely devoted to you than;

"My Lord, and dearest friend,

"Your obedient and humble Servant,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

The next account of the subject of this Memoir, is found in the following extract of a letter, addressed by his brother Mr. Ussher Edgeworth to Dr. Moylan.

—— "I got a letter last Friday from our dear Abbé: it was dated 3d instant, from Blankenbourg. He is well, and in some respects finds his situation not unpleasant; it being, he says, a profound solitude, except the family he is attached to, and which is small, and so constantly occupied with business as to leave no room for dissipation. —He says, he himself is so immersed in writing as to feel its effects come suddenly on his eyes, and he also fears on his health. I hope he may not carry this point of zeal and duty too far. He has been pressed in the most urgent but delicate manner, to accept some emolument of office, but he has hitherto declined it. I should imagine he should long since have written to your Lordship, though he does

not say so; and I hope, at all events, you will make him happy by a letter from you, which I believe you are not to learn how truly he values."

Dublin, August, 1797.

From Abbé Edgeworth to the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Mittau en Courlande, 24th May, 1798.

"My Lord, and ever dear friend,

"I have long delayed giving you any signs of life — too long indeed; and now that cool reflection comes, I am ashamed of myself: but the distressing circumstances in which I have been of late will, I hope, plead my excuse.

"I suppose you have heard of my coming hither with our unfortunate Prince. What Providence means by tearing both him and me from all that is dearest to us upon earth, and carrying us to this land of ice, I really know not. But time, perhaps, will show,

that what we deemed an evil was in reality for the best.—*Quod ego facio, tu nescis modo: scies autem postea.* In these words I wrap myself up; and though by moments distressed in mind, I seldom repeat them without delight.

"I shall not give you a long account of my journey hither, as it affords nothing worth your notice. A more disagreeable journey indeed I never made; and it grieves me now to think that I must go through it a second time, if ever I return either to England or France; though in both cases I must confess, that the hopes of seeing what I have left would be to my heart a great relief.

"You will undoubtedly be curious to know upon what footing we are here, and what reception was made to our unfortunate Prince, (Louis XVIII.) Indeed, in this latter respect, he cannot complain; and I never would have thought that so much magnificence could be met with in this dis-

tant and lonesome place. The palace he occupies is as fine a building as any of the kind I ever saw in France: there, he receives all the honours that are due to his birth; and between *Mittau* and *Versailles* the difference is not great. But behind this *gilded curtain*, I leave you to judge how many painful hours are to be past! Happily for him, he is vested both by nature and by grace with a considerable degree of fortitude, which enables him to bear *his cross*; and though tortured of late by every letter he receives, seldom a wrinkle or a cloud appears upon his countenance!

"Before leaving *Blankenbourg*, (which in fact was leaving *Europe*) he sent for the Archbishop of *Rheims* and the Bishop of *Boulogne*, two prelates of great repute, to deliberate with them upon the dismal situation of the church of France. I was witness to this interesting conference, and I really would be at a loss to decide whether the *Prelate* or the *Prince* acted upon this

occasion the most *apostolic* part! All I can say is, that the sentiments professed upon both sides, and the manner in which they were delivered are, perhaps, one of the things that have most edified me in my life.

"As to myself, (if *self* can be counted for any thing in these horrid times,) I am recovering every day more and more from my old complaints. But how the 20 *degrees beneath ice* will agree with me next winter, time will show. Happily we are now getting into *Spring*, and before winter comes, who knows but Providence may order us back, at least a few miles towards the south.

"Pray for me, my dear Lord, and be assured, that to whatever spot of the globe Almighty God may be pleased to call me now or hereafter, there you shall have an humble servant, and truly devoted friend.

"H. EDGEWORTH."

From Abbé Edgeworth to Miss Ussher, Abbey-street, Dublin.

" 15th July, 1798.

" My ever dear Aunt,

" Your long-wished-for and truly valued favour of 29th December, 1797, did not come to hand until the 25th of June last, (six long months after date!) To account for so great a delay would, indeed, be no easy task, had not Captain M'Carthy favoured me at the same time with a few lines from Hamburgh, informing me of the cause.

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" How shall I apologise now, my dear aunt, for having been a whole half-year in your neighbourhood, nay, almost at your door, without paying you a visit? This circumstance of my life, I must confess, is one of those that vexes me the most; but Providence, I am assured, has settled this part of my story, as well as all that had pre-

ceded it. Nothing was more determined in my mind, towards February 1797, than to go and spend a few weeks with you in Dublin: and I was only waiting for *Lent* to be over, when, all upon a sudden, I was under the necessity of crossing the sea. I was then so firmly convinced that the very business I went upon would command a speedy return, that I deemed it needless to take leave of the few acquaintance I had in London; and a fortnight or three weeks at most, was what I allotted in my mind to go, stay, and return back. Alas! such was my plan, but that of Almighty God was widely different; and as matters have since turned out, I see plainly that the business I went upon, though of public moment, was only a means, made use of by God, in order to prevent whatever resistance I might have opposed to his designs, had I known them to their full extent, in London.

"As to my coming here, it has only been the natural consequence of my first step;

and was Providence to send my noble friend still more to the north, I deem it a duty (as matters have turned out) to follow him and share his fate. A painful duty, indeed, in some respects; — but still a *duty*. Of this I cannot entertain a doubt.

"Something tells me, however, my dear aunt, that by ways and means unknown to me at present, Almighty God will restore me one day to you, and to all that is dearest to me in life. This thought, I assure you, seldom quits me; and upon it I dwell with more comfort than my pen can well express. Whenever this change in my destiny takes place, (and the period is not so far off perhaps as you think) you will see, my dear aunt, a nephew little worth your notice in most respects; but, in point of heart and feelings, as valuable as any man upon earth; and most certainly, as tender and affectionate a nephew to you as if with him you had spent your life.

"H. E."

"P.S. Remember me in the warmest manner to Mr. Robert Plunket, when next you see him."

From Abbé Edgeworth, to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Mittau en Courlande, 1st April, 1799.

"My Lord, and ever dear friend,

"I am long without writing to you, but the mountains of ice that have so long obstructed all communication between us and England, suffice alone, at least in some measure, to my apology. These mountains still subsist here, and nothing as yet announces an impending thaw in these frozen regions: but, I am assured, that at Hamburgh the sea is already free, and therefore if no other obstacle occurs, I have every reason to hope my letter will only go the faster.

"It would be needless to give you a description of the winter we have gone

through, as by all accounts it has also been uncommonly severe in your mild latitude; but if you reflect, that upon the 1st of April, the whole face of this country is still one plain of ice, you may judge what it was in January or December. Indeed, nothing can equal the intensity of the cold we had on some mornings: numbers have lost the use of their limbs, and some, I am told, their lives! Amongst the French, however, no accident of this kind has proved fatal, and by timely care they have all recovered. For my part, I have got through it very tolerably; nay, excluding the few moments I was daily obliged to spend in the open air, I have, perhaps, suffered less than you in Ireland: so perfectly the houses here, though mostly of wood, are provided against the common enemy. Nevertheless, I shudder still at the thoughts of spending another winter in this land of *iron;* though, in all likelihood such unavoidably will be my fate, unless matters take a quite different

turn from what they have done hitherto, upon the continent.

"The few newspapers that get admittance here, had made me sensible of the dismal situation of Ireland, long before I received your letter. I thank you, however, for the accounts you give me, as they corroborate the good tidings that have since been in circulation here. I cannot, however, but wish most earnestly that your wise and steady government continue keeping out a watchful eye upon its continental foes; for they have sworn, "*per fas et nefas,*" the ruin of Great Britain: being convinced, and not without some reason, that upon her fall depends their own existence.

"I shall give you no account of what is doing or brewing in Europe, as you are, by many hundred miles, nearer the *grand theatre* than we poor creatures are. Upon one point, however, I can satisfy your curiosity better perhaps than if situated in the very centre of business, viz. as to the

designs and means of our most gracious Emperor in the present crisis of the civilized world:—*He is certainly resolved to put a stop to the revolutionizing spirit of the French republic; and to save, if possible, tottering Europe.* All his troops are in motion; and amongst other generals, well known in the late wars, he has given a particular rank in the marching armies to a few French officers of distinguished merit; such as the COMTES D'ANTICHAMP and DE VIOMENIL, the MARQUIS DE LANGERON, &c. In what direction these armies are to act I know not; nor can I guess what the event may be when they come to hands with the *conquerors of the world.* But what I venture to assert is, that the *French* will not make so free with them as they have done with the *Austrians, Swiss,* and *Spaniards.*

"I have had lately a long letter from my sister. She is still in Paris, and in good health; but, I am sure, very anxious to know what the year 1799 is likely to bring forth

for France, and for the world. As far as I can judge, the clergy are not so closely hunted out in all quarters as to be totally lost to the public. Many of them lie still quietly concealed in Paris, and work unnoticed. In many other large dioceses matters are also upon a very tolerable footing; and at Lyons particularly, religion seems to have rather gained by the efforts made to root it out for ever. But if the persecution lasts, it must dwindle away to nothing in that, as well as in other parts of France, was it only for want of labourers. May Almighty God stretch forth his merciful hand, and save that precious portion of his church from its impending dangers!

"All here are well — and the King more worthy than ever of a better fate than that which attends him! Providence, however, affords him a heartfelt consolation at this moment — all the obstacles that have so long impeded the marriage of his apparent heir and nephew being now removed. He

marries MADAME THERESA, the unfortunate princess detained so long in the *Temple*. She sets out from Vienna the 20th of this month at least; and will be here towards the middle of May: the Queen comes with her. We have no news from *Mesdames* ADELAIDE and VICTOIRE, who were at Naples, and are vastly in pain about them. I recommend the whole family to your prayers; but still more, if possible, as being more in want,

"My Lord,

"Your old friend, and

"Truly humble servant,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

"P. S. Monseigneur Erskine is ill informed. — I have no publication in view. The little I can add to what has been printed over and over is long ago in the hands of the King, and of his brother. They are masters to make what use they please of my manuscript; but for my part, I shall publish nothing."

From Abbé Edgeworth to Miss Ussher, Abbey-street, Dublin, Ireland.

" Mittau, 2d July, 1799.

" My ever dear Aunt,

* * * * * * * *

" I received lately the fullest accounts of my sister's actual situation, not only by a long letter from herself, and conveyed to me in a ball of cotton, but also by the bearer thereof, an old friend of mine, and formerly maid of honour to the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, who, after many narrow escapes of her life, has found means to shake off the yoke of the Republic, and to travel all the way hither, to fill the same place with the niece which she formerly filled with the aunt. She waited upon Betty before she left Paris, and through her I have had every information I could wish for, relative to private and public concerns in France. My sister is in perfect

health, and universally loved and esteemed by all who knew her. Indeed, she was already so when I left her in 1793; but thirteen months' imprisonment, and the many other difficult situations she has had to contend with, have since displayed all her faculties in their utmost extent; and I really do look upon her, in point of head, heart, and mind, as one of the most valuable women existing in France. She is at present quite unnoticed by Government, and runs no risk. However, it will be good to forewarn Ussher to be excessively cautious in his letters to her, as a suspicious line might do her more harm than we can possibly foresee.

"She entertains great hopes of a change in affairs; and I must allow that, of late, I am vastly tempted to share her confidence. Personally speaking, I would be sorry the change should be too brisk; for it would grieve me beyond expression to return suddenly to France, without paying

you and Ussher a visit before I sit down for life: but I still entertain so ardent a wish of seeing you both, that I trust in Providence I shall be granted that satisfaction, though I cannot yet say how He will bring it about. Pray for me, my dear aunt. I daily do so for you; and thus give you the only proof I can, at this distance, of my tender regard, and dutiful respect.

" H. E.

" P.S. If you see Doctor Moylan, remember me to him in the warmest manner. My respects also to Lord Fingal, his brother, and Lady Theresa, whose kind remembrance flatters me very much."

To Miss Ussher, Abbey-street, No. 165, Dublin, Ireland:

" Mittau, 30th October, 1800.

" My dear Aunt,

" On the 17th ultimo, (if not mistaken) I wrote to my brother, with promise of a letter to you as soon as I would find a moment I could call my own. But, alas! this moment has long been coming; for my days of late are too short for the toil they commonly bring on; and I cannot but regret those happy years during which, lost to the world and the world lost to me, I always found full four and twenty hours from sun to sun. Unfortunately, this is no more the case with me at present, and the four and twenty hours are now often reduced to twenty-three. But Almighty God will have it so, and his holy will must be the rule of mine. In other respects, I must say that my situation here, (if humanly

viewed) is as happy as it possibly can be in a foreign land. All round about me, from the King down to the last of his servants, treat me with far more attention than I deserve; and though living in so large a family, I cannot say that I have hitherto met with an unpleasant word. But this universal benevolence itself has its torment when viewed with a Christian eye; for amidst its enjoyments, I cannot forget *that the friendship of the world is unfriendly to God;* —a most terrifying word, indeed, for a man to whom all round him smiles! and I must confess to you, that I never ponder it without feeling a secret awe. Pray for me therefore, my dear aunt, lest this miserable worldly enjoyment should be my only reward.

"I suppose Ussher has imparted to you the letters I wrote to him from Petersburgh, and soon after my arrival here. Little I thought a year ago that I was destined to the honourable mission which I have since

discharged, nor do I conceive as yet why, upon this occasion, I was preferred to so many old servants, whose rights were certainly prior to mine, and for whom it must naturally have been a subject of jealousy. But all my remonstrances upon this head being vain, I concluded that Providence would have it so for reasons unknown to me, and I submitted to an honour I had never ambitioned—nay, of all honours, perhaps, the one that was farthest from my mind. I shall give you no account of this truly extraordinary occurrence of my poor life, as I suppose you have heard it from Ussher, to whom I wrote it at large: suffice it to say, that I was received by the Emperor, and treated by his ministers with uncommon regard; and that since my return here, I have not discovered the least symptom of jealousy in any of those who seemingly had some room to complain.

"I have had no news of late from Betty, but from other correspondents I know she

is well and unmolested. By all accounts parties still run high in France; and it is more than likely that we shall see more than one convulsion there before order is restored. But *I am confident that the French will sooner or later return to their former masters, though it be impossible at present to say by what means, or when.*

"I recommend myself once more to your good prayers, and remain, with every sentiment of love and regard,

"My dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate nephew, and

"Truly devoted servant,

"H. Edgeworth.

"P.S. Tell Ussher that his correspondent at Hamburgh informs me that he *has received a bill partly for my use and partly for Betty's;* but that I not having as usual a letter from him at the same time, I fear very much that it has strayed on the road."

The honours of which the Abbé speaks in this letter were flattering in the highest degree; and it is to be regretted that the letter to Mr. Ussher Edgeworth, in which they were circumstantially detailed, is now probably lost. The following is the only account of them preserved:—In the year 1800, Louis XVIII., from Mittau, where he then resided, sent the Abbé Edgeworth to convey to the Emperor Paul of Russia, the decoration of the Order of the Holy Ghost, accompanied by a letter written with his own hand. On the introduction of the humble Priest to the Emperor's presence, his interesting venerable appearance, with the recollection of the scenes through which he had passed, and the frightful tragedy of which he had been a spectator, filled Paul with sentiments of awe and admiration:—he bowed himself to the humblest posture at the Abbé's feet, and besought his prayers and benediction. At parting he presented him with his pic-

ture set in diamonds, and settled upon him a pension of 500 ducats per annum.

The following letter is, perhaps, one of the most valuable in the present collection: such it will be considered by those at least, who feel an interest in contemplating the influence of religion upon the mind; and who follow with anxious solicitude the footsteps of a royal exile, who, amidst a world in arms, wept over the crimes of his enemies; and who felt the loss of a throne only in the narrowed circle of his beneficence and charity.

Seldom, perhaps, were any individuals subjected to more personal misfortune and political disaster than the present monarch of France, and his nearer relatives. Few men ever experienced more the vicissitude of temporal adversity and prosperity than Louis XVIII. He had witnessed the ruin of his

country in the demolition of its political and religious establishments; his beloved brother, the former king, had stained the scaffold with his blood; he had heard of the vile, the inhuman treatment and death to which his nephew, a child of superior mind, was degradingly subjected; and he had become himself, by a strange reverse of fortune indeed, if not a dependant, at least an unheeded and unprotected exile, successively in every state in Europe. These were calamities seldom equalled and never surpassed. But the mind of him who was thus assailed was superior to his fate; and unsubdued by the disastrous events of the past, or the gloomy anticipations of the future, Louis XVIII., in unshaken friendship, philosophy, and religion, found comparative enjoyment. The following picture of the life led by him and his court in the unheeded retirement in which they lived at Warsaw, will be read with anxiety and interest.

From Abbé Edgeworth to the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork.

"Warshaw, 13th March, 1804.

"My Lord, and ever dear friend,

"Your favour of the 25th January came to hand after a tedious passage of near a month: and if you know how dear you are to me, you will easily guess that a greater comfort I could not receive in this land of ice. It is an age, indeed, since I corresponded with you last; but the constant run of business in which I have been involved ever since, will, I hope, apologize for all; and you will not do me the injury to lay any part of the charge to my heart. No, no, my dear friend, this portion of myself is what it was in the days of its youth; and you know whether it was devoted then to you or not. In every other respect, indeed, old age has made its usual havoc upon my whole frame, and even upon my intellects; but my feelings remain untouched, and to

you especially, they have not been silent one single instant since I saw you last in Rue du Bacq.

"'Tis needless to give you any account of my situation here, as I suppose my brother, whom you see from time to time, lets you know what I am doing, as far as he knows it himself. It grieves me vastly to think I left England in 97, without paying him and you a visit, as I really intended, and had promised you both. The fact is, that when I first came over to join the King, it was upon business that admitted of no delay; and of such a nature as I made no doubt would hurry me back quicker than I went: hence, I did not even take leave of the few friends I had in London, thinking I would return in three weeks or a month. But Providence had other views; and the seemingly important business that obliged me, in the four and twenty hours, to repair to the continent, was, in fact, only

a snare cast in my way by Almighty, to fix me in a life which I never would have chosen of myself. Be this as it will, here I am, my dear friend, pinned down to the most unfortunate family upon earth; and resolved, if Providence don't open a door, to share its fate to the last. Indeed, I cannot complain of my lot; for a more respectable family does not exist. The King is not only a believer, but to the whole extent of the word, a truly religious prince, endowed with every virtue that make the saints, and with a capacity far superior to what I have met with in any other men upon earth. Unfortunately, he is, as to body, of a most corpulent disposition, which renders him less fit than he would otherwise be, for the arduous task of restoring matters in France. His nephew and niece, inferior to him in point of instruction and talents, are at least his equals as to piety and religion. The young Prince, especially, needs only to be kept in proper

bounds; for he would go too far if left to himself. The three lead a most solitary life; and though in a town of dissipation and pleasures far beyond any other I have seen in my travels, they partake of none. A few visits received, (for they do not pay any,) and those very short; a jaunt in their carriage, when the weather is fine; or a solitary walk on foot, are the only distraction they allow to their melancholy thoughts. The greater part of the day, the King especially spends in his closet, where he dispatches his own business; and certainly does more in a morning than most men would do in a week. You may easily judge, my dear friend, that though honoured with his confidence, and even with his friendship, I deal as little as possible in any political transactions; if, as matters now stand, any such can exist. Twice only I have been cast into this line in spite of myself, viz. when sent off to Petersburg, in 1800, upon a profane, though honourable errand;

and lately, when the proposal of an abdication was so awkwardly made, and so nobly rejected by our unfortunate Prince. Exclusive of these two occasions, upon which a mere hazard cast me for a few moments out of my sphere, my whole time is taken up in giving him, and the few attendants he has here, the comforts of religion, according to their wants. Another part of my employment is the regular distribution of his alms; which, considering the scantiness of his income, are immense: these, going to his faithful servants, now reduced to poverty, in all parts of Europe, and even in France itself, give me a large correspondence, which I discharge to my best. There you have, my dear friend, the outlines of this poor but truly edifying court, and of my peculiar situation in it. Pray for us all — pray in particular for me; and be assured, that you never prayed for a warmer friend, nor for a more sincerely devoted servant than

"HENRY EDGEWORTH."

The next letter is one which requires previous elucidation, and which is inserted in the present collection as a necessary introduction to those which immediately follow it.

The share of paternal property which the Abbé Edgeworth possessed in Ireland, was (in consequence of the impending laws of discovery against Roman Catholics, by which a Protestant relative, however distant in kindred, was preferred to the Catholic heir,) disposed of; and the sum of £4000 placed in the hands of a near friend, who regularly remitted a suitable annuity to the Abbé for many years. A series of disasterous and unforeseen events, from which even the best of men are not exempted, embarrassed the circumstances of the gentleman in whose hands the property was: in consequence of which, it was found impossible to remit the annuity. At no period of his life could such a loss have pressed

more heavily upon Abbé Edgeworth: under all vicissitudes, so long as an intercourse subsisted between England and the continental powers, he felt himself independent; and this independence was the more dear to him, in as much as it gave him opportunity of alleviating the afflictions of many of his fellow exiles, and freed him from the painful necessity of deriving his support from the distressed and afflicted family to whom his presence and consolations were become so indispensably necessary.

His friend Dr. Moylan was the first to prepare him for the sad intelligence of his ruined fortune; but the painful news was communicated by one who knew how to sympathise with the sufferer; and it will be learned from the following reply of the Abbé, that the friendship of the good bishop was not merely that of heartless sentiment or empty sympathy.

From Abbé Edgeworth, to the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

" Mittau en Courlande, par Hambourg,
" 17th May, 1805.

" My Lord, and ever dear friend,

" Your favour of 30th March, being directed to Warshaw, whence I parted towards the middle of February, did not come to hand until 14th instant. Sad, indeed, is the intelligence it conveys to me; especially at a moment I was in daily expectation of a large remittance to supply my wants; and perhaps those of some few others, during the impending half year. But before I deliver you my reflections upon the matter, give me leave, my ever dear friend, to thank you a thousand and a thousand times for the generous tender by which you endeavour to sooth my wound. I find no words to express the deep sense of gratitude with which it here impresses both my heart

and mind. Indeed, if any thing in this world could compensate beggary, it would be the real pleasure I would find in receiving my daily bread from you or from your worthy family. Believe me, my truly generous friend, if reduced to absolute want, I would stretch forth my hand to you or yours, not only without a blush, but more freely, perhaps, than I would to any of my own. But unless a new series of misfortunes, still greater than all those I have hitherto beheld, takes place, I shall not be a burden either to you or them. The master to whom I have pledged (those eight years past) my liberty, my health, I can even say, my very existence in this *land of ice*, and whom I have hitherto served without a fee, cannot see me in distress and withhold his hand. His nephew, his niece, his brother, all as generous as himself, and equally friends to me, will open their purses (I'm positively sure) any day I apply to them. Exclusive of these resources,

upon which I can absolutely depend, I would still find a more solid one in the British Government, and in the offers made to me by Mr. Pitt, during the few months I spent in England. These offers, though not too eagerly grasped at, were not (as you may well believe) disdained by me; and though my sudden call to Blankenburg, which, unfortunately, coincided with them, prevented the effects thereof, I'm confident, that if proper application was made they would revive.

"Be this as it will, you see, my dear friend, that my livelihood is not at stake, as you seem to apprehend; but, to say the truth, none of the above modes of securing it can compensate for the loss of a property, though ever so small, which I have hitherto considered as being out of the reach of all human revolutions: for princes and governments pass, but lands remain. If this loss be my doom (which I really cannot yet believe) I shall bow under the hand of Pro-

vidence, and, I hope, not repine. Two things, however, I shall long regret; first, the kind of independency which I have hitherto enjoyed, and which, in my line, is of the highest importance for the good of those intrusted to my care: secondly, the cruel necessity to which I shall, in all likelihood, be reduced of withdrawing my esteem from * * * * whom I have always looked upon hitherto, as a *prudent, upright, honest man*: — I say my *esteem*; for if matters be as you represent them, he cannot be the man I have hitherto thought him to be; and in his heart or mind there must exist a flaw. — One thing, my dear friend, is certain, viz. that was I in his place and he in mine, he would not be in want to-day. No, no, I would have lived within my income, let it be ever so small, and I would have looked upon myself merely as his farmer. * * * Whatever part of my property I could deem to be *my own*, might, perhaps, be mismanaged or lavished away, but so much

of it as I would have thought necessary to secure him his due, not only during my life but when I was to be no more, would have been to me the Holy arch; and, as far as lay in my power, it would have been placed out of the power of men. Perhaps I'm here too severe; if so, I blot out the page and suspend my judgment until I receive the fatal letter, which I suppose to be now upon the road. In the mean time, I shall disclose my situation to no one here below, and seek no other consolation (after those found in God) but in the deep sense of everlasting gratitude with which I am, my Lord, and truly generous friend,

"Your most affectionate, and
"Humble servant,
"H. EDGEWORTH."

Soon after the date of this letter, application was made to Mr. Pitt, in the name and with the consent of the Abbé. The circumstances which rendered such an ap-

plication, at that moment, peculiarly necessary were plainly stated; and the share of national beneficence which had been, at a more fortunate period of the Abbé's life, hesitatingly declined, was now respectfully solicited for him.

The following letter details the success of the application.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork, Ireland.

"Mittau en Courlande,
"21st March, 1806.

"My Lord, and tender friend,

"I am long in your debt, but the life of perpetual hurry to which I am condemned here, will, I hope, apologise for all. Yes, indeed, my dear Lord, Providence has been good to me: and when I desired my brother to let you know how speedily it came to my assistance, I was very sure you

would share my gratitude towards our common father, as you had shared my pain. Never was address to a foreign government (for so Great Britain is to me, notwithstanding my primitive ties) crowned with more success, nor answered in a more perfect style. A very simple letter, with a plain recital of facts (* * * 's name concealed) was all I set forth. A still more simple grant, worded in a manner far above my deserts, with a provision, of same date as my letter written at Mittau, was the minister's reply. More delicacy indeed is not easily found. I most sincerely regret the man (Mr. Pitt) to whom I am indebted for it: his death, in my opinion, is a public calamity, not only for England but for Europe at large. Such, at least, it is considered in Russia, and more particularly here.

I have already done all in my power to console the too unfortunate * * * * under the loss of his all: for though it be through

his own fault, (as far at least as I or my deceased sister were concerned in it) he still merits more pity than blame. Keep up his spirits, my ever dear Lord, when you have occasion of seeing him or of favouring him with a line; for I guess at what his heart suffers, by what I would feel myself if I were in his place and he in mine. On my side all is forgot; and I wish it may be the same on his. Indeed I never was much dejected at the loss, being very certain that (all other resources exhausted) my royal friend, upon the smallest notion, would stretch forth his hand. Happily, I was not compelled to put him in my secret until matters were made up by the British government; and what then passed between him and me (as you may easily judge) was not a *frown*.

"Oh! my dear Lord, how different is the aspect of our affairs from what it was the day you wrote to me! And what has passed since, who could then foresee? In

deed I never relied much upon the common effort, though wisely combined and great in size; because the only means of assuring complete success was left unnoticed, or lay concealed. But still I was far from suspecting the usurper would come out of the struggle, not only without a single wound, but really stronger than he was before. This is unfortunately the case, and to the Austrians alone it must be ascribed; for as to the Russians, their arms remain what they were — *unrivaled and undefiled. Unfortunately for Europe, Petersburg is too far from Paris. Was it otherwise, be assured, my dear Lord, you would shortly see the world in peace, and the balance restored.*

" I am vastly sensible of the goodness of Dr. M'Carthy to give me still a thought. Assure him that if mine are any thing, he has, and always shall have a large share in them.

" What is become of the seminary of Toulouse, and all the like establishments you

had in France? — a word in your next concerning them.

" Adieu, my ever dear Lord: think of me, I beg of you, from time to time, during the moments you spend with God; and be assured that you never bestowed a thought either upon a more affectionate servant, or upon a more sincerely devoted friend, than

" HENRY EDGEWORTH."

It is but due to the Abbé Edgeworth to insert the following letter from the individual whose folly or neglect had been productive of such serious consequences to him and his family. The only regret is, that the forgiving letter from the Abbé mentioned in it is, probably, now lost.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, &c. &c.

" 20th Sept. 1805.

" Though I wrote to you, my dear Lord, on Thursday last, yet I cannot resist the pleasure of sending you the enclosed, which

I received on yesterday, and which I know will rejoice your good heart.

" When I received this letter I was for some minutes that I had not courage to open it, fearing to find in it a very contrary account from what it contains. Its perusal so overpowered and astonished me that I thought my heart would have burst, if, in a flood of tears, I had not almost involuntarily cast myself upon my knees, and offered my unworthy thanks to that merciful and gracious Providence which thus at once relieved the distresses and feelings of two valuable individuals, and eventually of a third person! The *manner* and *delicacy*, and promptness of this favour is absolutely beyond all I had ever conceived; and as the Abbé Edgeworth remarks, enhances the value of the gift *ten-fold*. May God reward him here and hereafter!

" The tender, affectionate, and forgiving language of the Abbé's letter has wrung my very soul, and filled me with sentiments

I cannot express, but which you may in some degree comprehend," &c. &c.

This letter was selected from many of the same tendency in the possession of the Editor; but it would answer no purpose to insert more of them than is thought sufficient to place in its true light the amiable and forgiving disposition of the Abbé Edgeworth.

Before this narrative be brought to a close, there remains a tribute to be paid to the memory of one of the most valuable and amiable men of the times in which he lived — the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, Dr. Moylan.

Dr. Moylan was descended from a respectable Roman Catholic family in Ireland. His father, Mr. John Moylan, of Cork, was extensively engaged in mercantile pur-

suits; and two of his brothers, who at an early age had emigrated to the American colonies, served, with distinguished success, as general officers in the eventful contest which terminated in the freedom of the United States. At an early age, Dr. Moylan declared his predilection for an ecclesiastical life; and his determination was strengthened and matured by the example and encouragement of his maternal uncle, the Rev. Mr. Doran, a jesuit, then resident in Cork. The preparatory ecclesiastical studies were successfully gone through at Toulouse and Paris by Dr. Moylan; and to his residence at the university of the former place was he indebted for his intimacy and friendship with the Edgeworth family. After his ordination, in the year 1761, he served for some time as one of the vicars in the parish of *Chatou*, in Paris; in which situation he deserved and enjoyed the attentions and friendship of the Archbishop, the celebrated *Christophe De Beau-*

mont. He shortly afterwards returned to his native city, and in a few years was consecrated Bishop of the united diocesses of Ardfert and Aghadoe. The *bulls* for his consecration were the first issued by the late Pope Pius VI. on his elevation to the *tiara.*

It was during the period in which Dr. Moylan governed these *sees,* that his exertions commenced for founding an association of ladies, under the peculiar sanction of religion, for educating the female children of the poor. This happy purpose he lived to effect in the most splendid and permanent manner, by the establishment of the religious order of the *Presentation Nuns.* He was in 1786 translated to his native diocese; where, for more than thirty years, he lived respected, beloved, and revered by persons of every class in society and of all religious persuasions, — the benevolent friend of all who sought his assistance or counsel, and in a peculiar manner "the

guide, the father, and the friend" of his own numerous and respectable flock. He was one of those good men, whose lives are the best vindication of the principles which they profess; and whose conduct, exclusive of the adventitious circumstances of rank or station, would excite veneration and respect in the mind of even the most inattentive observers. Few men, in any walk of society, lived more universally esteemed and venerated than he did; and even when in mature old age, at the advanced climax of 80 years, he sunk into an easy grave, few men departed from the stage of life more immaculate in public estimation, or regretted with more affectionate remembrance, in the extensive circles of his domestic and ecclesiastical relations.

During the period of his residence in Cork, Dr. Moylan was in habits of confidential and friendly correspondence with

some of the most dignified and distinguished ecclesiastics in the French and Italian churches, and with his contemporaries in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America. The present King of France, whilst in England, honoured Dr. Moylan with his attentions and friendship; and amongst his papers are some letters written at the desire of the Princess Louisa, daughter to Louis XV., who retired into a convent of Carmelite nuns at St. Denys. From the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke he experienced much kindness; and the following letters, selected from an occasional correspondence, will be read with pleasure: —

From the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, to Dr. Moylan, R. C. B. Cork, Ireland.

" My dear Sir,

" I beg to trouble you with a letter for my son. I give you a thousand thanks for your obliging attention to me and my fa-

mily at Bath and here: you have my best thanks and theirs. We shall be happy to hear of your safe arrival in Dublin.

"In the great contest now at hand, I approve much of your wise and temperate idea, that the clergy ought not much to mix with it; and least of all, that they should in any thing appear to condemn any rational and sober endeavours of their lay brethren, to ameliorate their civil condition as subjects. Attempts have been made to decoy some of them into this indiscreet measure, and they may be repeated.

"Your idea of a serious and systematical endeavour to improve the morals of the common sort of people, especially by alienating them from the use of spirituous liquors, would tend to remove the objections of many to their emancipation, at the same time that it would make them fitter for the assertion of their just claim to the benefits of the British constitution, without

suffering them to wander into wild and mischievous pursuits beyond it, until they lost, along with all true ideas of liberty, all religion, honour, morals, and even common humanity. The true standard of the freedom to which they ought to look is British freedom. Whilst to that they limit their ideas, I think they must succeed. One sort of their enemies would *provoke* them to seek more; others would *seduce* them to it. But let them believe an old, tried, and sure friend of theirs, that by seeking *more* they would gain *less*, whilst they defaced the image of God in their own breasts, and rendered themselves only fit instruments to ruin others, and well deserving to be ruined themselves. Mr. Grattan and Mr. Hutchinson are amiable as well as able men. They are as much pleased with you as you are with them.

" Mrs. Burke and all here present most respectful compliments; and do me the

favour to believe me, with respectful and cordial attachment,

" My dear Sir,

" Your most faithful

" And obliged, humble Servant,

" EDM. BURKE.

aconfield, Nov. 18. 1792."

The opinions contained in the foregoing letter will be strengthened and enforced by the following paper, which, though of somewhat an earlier date, was found by the Editor in the same *envelope* with the letter. It is in Mr. Burke's hand-writing; and, independent of any other evidence, the style and manner plainly indicate its author: —

" Great pains are taken by the emissaries of a selfish faction in Ireland, calling itself the *Protestant Ascendancy*, to impress the people of this kingdom with an idea, that the country in which that faction domineers

is in a state of rebellion. They judge that this false report will gain the more easy credit, by the knowledge generally diffused of the oppressions they exercise, the insulting language which they use, and the pains which they take by every method to provoke a loyal and patient people, consisting of three millions of souls, to some act of violence. They know that such an effect is frequently produced by such a cause: They hope, in that event, to employ the armies of this kingdom to cut the throats of their injured countrymen. No one living can assign any other reason for the propagation of these false and malicious reports. We ought to suffer the people to speak for themselves, in answer to the calumnies of their enemies, and the enemies of the tranquillity of the empire. Insert, therefore, Mr. Printer, the following declaration of the Catholics of the city and county of Waterford.

" T. PLUNKET.

" Bristol, Oct. 15. 1792."

With the history of the paper from which the above is copied, — whether it ever appeared in the newspapers of the day, — what the resolutions were to which it was intended as a preface, — and why the signature of "Plunket" was affixed to it, the present writer is entirely ignorant. That it is in Mr. Burke's hand-writing there is not the least doubt; and it may not be unworthy of notice to remark, that it is most minutely corrected and amended, so as in fact to be completely interlined by the changes made.

The following letter is valuable, from its connection with the history of the Royal College of Maynooth, founded agreeably to act of Parliament for the education of the clergy of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland. To such a degree did Mr. Burke's regard for that establishment extend, that on the death of his son, Mr. Richard Burke, he had a number of that gentleman's most

valuable books placed in the College Library, with suitable notifications, in his own hand-writing, in the title-pages. Amongst other books given on that occasion were, a beautiful copy of the "Syriac Testament," "Bishop Bedel's Irish Bible," "Baskerville's Edition of the Classicks;" which last, from a Latin inscription, appears to have been a present to Mr. Burke from his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To the Rev. Dr. Moylan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork.

"My dear Sir,

"I am honoured with your letter from Dublin. I most heartily wish success to your reasonable, pious, and public-spirited pursuit. I consider it as a thing not only expedient, but of absolute necessity for the order, civilization, peace, and security of the kingdom. However, with my mind, not now, but long since made up on the subject, the means of carrying it into effect

cannot be immediate: they will require management and co-operation upon both sides of the water. I, therefore, before I answered your obliging letter, thought it necessary to come to town, to consult mine and your best friend and wisest adviser, my son, upon that subject; as also to take the opinion of by far the ablest man of business and the best clergyman that I know, Mr. Hussey. We are all of opinion, that before any thing is done in the mode of formal application, dispositions towards it ought to be prepared, and the plan in a manner settled. This can be only done in the first digestion here. As to my share in the conduct of this business, with great readiness always, and with the best advice my experience can suggest, I am obliged very reluctantly indeed to decline any part in it: my declining age, and a very troublesome occupation put it wholly out of my power.

" My first counsel would be, to put it into the hands of men of energy and vigour, intelligent and zealous in your affairs, I mean into those of Mr. Hussey and my son Richard Burke. Of the former I have said what I think: the latter's conduct and success in your service says more than I can say of him: and the return made to it by a *few*, does not destroy his attachment to the *many*, nor in the least degree weaken his principles. We think that you yourself ought to come over; or, if that cannot be, some other firm and prudent Bishop, who will give more authority to your transactions than any other person. I recommend also, that you consult as little as possible, in this first digestion, with those who are not earnestly and in heart resolved, that the proposed establishment of religion and science, shall not be made a political job, according to the mode of most public works in our country; nor with those who are not con-

vinced, that the whole ought to be under the exclusive management of the Bishops, as the most interested that the priests of their own religion should honourably and profitably perform their duties. They who would trouble this natural order of things, on account of the poor squabble of religious parties and divisions, are either stark mad, or doing the work of the atheistical faction which are at present making such havoc in the world.

" I am, my dear Sir, with the most cordial and respectful attachment,

" Your most faithful,

" And most obedient,

" Humble Servant,

" EDMD. BURKE.

" London, Dec. 6. 1793."

The following is the answer of Dr. Moylan: —

To the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, &c. &c.

" My dear Sir,

" I am honoured with your kind favour of the 6th, in answer to the letter I had the pleasure of writing to you some time before. The prelates, to whom I immediately communicated it, feel most thankful for the interest you are pleased to take in the success of the measure they have in view. They regret very much, that your many avocations prevent your taking an ostensible part in the pursuit of it. They are, however, happy to think it has your best wishes, and that it will have the support of your good advice, by which they wish to be directed; convinced, as they are, that from the knowledge you have of their situation, of the state of affairs in this country, and of the education suitable for our clergy, no one can be more competent to advise the plan to be adopted, and the means most effectual to attain the desired object — an

object dear to their hearts, and essentially connected with the welfare and tranquillity of this kingdom.

"Your recommendation of our two worthy friends, Mr. Richard Burke and Dr. Hussey, to transact this business, has met with the fullest approbation and consent from the prelates; and these gentlemen will have our most hearty thanks, if they be so good as to undertake it. We all well know their ability and zeal in our cause; and since you, my dear sir, must decline it, we are satisfied that it cannot be placed in better hands than theirs. We trust it will not be necessary for one of the prelates to go over; but should you consider it expedient, however inconvenient to us, your advice shall be complied with.

"Before Lord Hobart set off for England, it was judged advisable to wait on him, and state the necessity of speedily providing places of education for our clergy. It was urged, that the support of

His Majesty's government, and the peace and good order of the country, were much interested in the measure; that without a succession of clergy, educated according to the discipline of our church, the great body of the people must be deprived of instruction, and the practice of their religious duties abandoned; and the dangerous consequences of such an event, especially in the present unhappy times, it was said, were too obvious to be mistaken by the least reflecting mind. His Lordship acknowledged it was a matter of great public concern; that as he was soon to leave the kingdom, he could not take it up; but if we gave him, in writing, our sentiments on that subject, he would have them laid before government. This was complied with in a letter from Dr. Troy to him. His Lordship has gone off, and, in all probability, has never since thought of the matter.

"We observe, with great regret, that the spirit of the French infernal revolution, is

but too much diffused amongst the people of this capital; and what fills us with the deepest concern, is to find that some few of the Roman Catholics have caught the infection. These latter pretend that they were forced into the adoption of such abominable principles, by the conduct of the principal leaders of our Irish administration, who do all in their power to defeat the intentions of the bill lately passed in favour of Roman Catholics. They think, that if the republicans in France were entirely suppressed, the favour granted would be retracted, and their old chains riveted on them stronger than before. This they infer from the threats and prejudices of the present administration. Indeed there was no wisdom in the part acted by the Chancellor and his party in passing that bill. When it was deemed expedient to relieve the Roman Catholic body, the confidential friends of the administration should have done it with a good grace, and thus attach

that body to government. They should not declare, as they did, that what was granted, was conceded through necessity. This did not serve to conciliate. I fear that so long as the present administration holds in power, there will be no perfect union. However, in such critical times, all friends of order, and the rulers, should rally about the throne, and speak aloud their sentiments and opinions. Therefore it was, that our prelates deemed it advisable, before they separated, to draw up an address to His Majesty, expressive of their loyalty to the state, and their gratitude to the monarch personally, for the concessions made to their body. This will serve to show to government, that the disaffection and republican opinion held by some weak Roman Catholics of the capital, are far from receiving any countenance from us, as has been most falsely and unjustly inculcated. It strikes me likewise, that such an address may also serve to prepare the way

for the application to be made at your side of the water, in favour of our clerical education. We have reason to think that it will be graciously received. I enclose a copy, and trust you will approve of the measure.

"I am, my dear Mr. Burke,

"Your faithful, humble Servant,

"FRANCIS MOYLAN.

"Cork, Dec. 20th, 1793."

The line of conduct pursued by Dr. Moylan in that period of disaster and dismay during which the Irish rebellion of 1797 raged, was such as insured to him the approbation and gratitude of every class of his fellow subjects. He was successively presented with the freedom of his native city, (to a Roman Catholic clergyman a high mark of civic approbation,) and with that of many of the corporate towns of the kingdom.

The following letters are testimonies of his superior merit, which it would be an injustice to omit.

From Cardinal Erskine to Dr. Moylan.

" My Lord,

" Although on various occasions before now, whenever Your Lordship's name was mentioned, I had always the pleasure to hear such mention accompanied with the unanimous praises of your religious and civil virtues; yet I had never had an opportunity of witnessing their extent, as I have had lately, by the perusal in some of the public papers of your address to your flock, on the occasion of the intended French invasion. The true principles which are stated in it, the duties of allegiance and of gratitude to which it recalls the attention, and the impressive manner in which it speaks equally to the heart and to the mind, shew Your Lordship worthy

of the sacred character with which you are vested; and whilst they do honour to yourself, they reflect it also on the religion which we profess.

"Having the honour to be one of the Pope's confidential servants, I have sent to Rome a copy of the same address to be laid before him, aware, as I am, of the consolation it will afford to His Holiness to observe, that at this time of general confusion, and the subversion of all political and moral principles, the spiritual direction of the catholics of Ireland is committed to such hands as can and will preserve them from all contagion. In the mean time I congratulate with your Lordship, for Your own sake in particular, and for that in general of your country, that the rash attempt of the common enemy has been attended with the success that it deserved; having given, at the same time, to the nation an opportunity, although attended with less danger, yet not with less glory,

of shewing their usual gallantry, and their loyal attachment to their sovereign.

"I feel particular satisfaction to have such an occasion as this to assure you, for the first time, of the high regard with which I have the honour to be, My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient,

"Humble Servant,

"CHARLES ERSKINE.

"London, 27, Mortimer Street,
15th Jan. 1797.

"To Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork."

From Mr. Pelham, Chief Secretary of State, to Dr. Moylan.

"Phœnix Park, Dublin, May 5th, 1798.

"Dear Sir,

"I have received so much pleasure from reading your pastoral address, that I cannot help troubling you with a few lines, expressive of my gratitude to you for so seasonable, able, and judicious an interpo-

sition of your authority and advice, in support of the Christian religion and the laws of the country.

" It cannot fail of receiving universal admiration; and I trust it will have the effect you propose, and we must all wish, upon those unfortunate people who have been seduced from their allegiance to their king; and if I may judge from my own feelings, it will be felt by all descriptions of men, by reviving that respect for moral and religious duties, which has been declining for some years, in every part of Europe.

" I am much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you expressed yourself about me, in your letter to Sir Boyle Roche; and have the honour to be, with very sincere respect and esteem,

" Dear Sir,

" Your most obedient, humble servant,

" T. PELHAM.

" The Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork."

From Earl Camden, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Lord Viscount Kenmore.

"My Lord,

"I am very much obliged to Your Lordship for having had the goodness to send me Doctor Moylan's address to his diocese. I had before seen it, and I think it calculated to do so much good, that I have ordered it to be circulated through the kingdom, and had meant to have expressed to Doctor Moylan my satisfaction at the contents of his address.

"Your Lordship will, perhaps, have the goodness to make known to him, how very highly I think of the moral, as well as political, advantages it is calculated to produce.

I have the honour to remain, &c.

"CAMDEN.

"To Lord Viscount Kenmore, &c."

From Cardinal Erskine to Dr. Moylan.

" London, 28th July, 1798.

" My Lord,

" I beg Your Lordship will excuse my long delay in answering the letter with which you honoured me some days since. I was very unwell when I received it, and am still very poorly; and hence the cause of my silence.

* * * * * * *

" I was very happy to hear of your exertions for the sake of tranquillity; and am happy to hear the good success with which the Almighty has been pleased to crown them. Malevolous persons and calumniators will be never wanting; but all their malice cannot undo facts, and by these the public must be convinced. I have the honour to know the commander of your district, Sir James Stuart; and you have been very lucky, indeed, as you say, to have met with a gentleman of so much firmness, liberality, and moderation. I beg you will present to him my best compliments.

"By my last letters from the Nuncio at Vienna, His Holiness, notwithstanding all the load of misfortunes and afflictions with which he is oppressed, keeps his health very well. This seems more than natural, and makes me trust that the Almighty, in his mercy, will put a stop to this calamity that has now too long afflicted the church, and reserve our venerable and holy Pontiff for better times.

"I thank you for the communication of the paragraph of *Abbé Edgeworth*'s letter concerning the unfortunate Louis XVIII.—Unfortunate Prince! what a trial! Happy, however, that he has armed himself with resignation and Christian fortitude! I am surprised that the Abbé has not published his work as yet.

"I have the honour to be, with great esteem and respect, My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient,

"Humble servant,

"CHARLES ERSKINE.

"To Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Cork."

These last lines of the Cardinal's letter refer to one in the present collection from Abbé Edgeworth, bearing date, "Mittau, 24th May, 1798;" in which he describes the state of the members of the French royal family then in Russia. A reply to the Cardinal's enquiries regarding "the publication," by the Abbé, will be found in a postscript to the letter bearing date April 1st, 1799.

From Lord Viscount Castlereagh, Chief Secretary of State, to Dr. Moylan.

"Dublin Castle, 26th April, 1799.

"My dear Sir,

"Accept my best thanks for the very valuable tract which I have this day received from you. I can with truth assure you that I have never read any production which appeared to me better calculated to recal the deluded people of this country to reflection.

" I feel, in common with every other good subject, a just sense of your uniform and unceasing exertion for the restoration of peace; and cannot too strongly express, on the part of the King's Government, the acknowledgments that are due to Dr. Moylan for his conduct on the most trying occasions.

" I beg you to receive my personal assurances of the sincerest respect; and have the honour to remain,

" My dear Sir,

" Your faithful and obedient Servant,

" CASTLEREAGH."

Doctor Moylan's person was as interesting almost as his character was amiable. In youth and manhood he was remarkably handsome; and in old age his appearance was such as to engage undivided attention. The following short extract of a letter from the Duke of Portland to a friend, exactly describes his person and character: —

"Bulstrode, 27th July, 1800.

"There can be, and I believe there never has been, but one opinion of the firmness, the steadiness, and the manliness of Doctor Moylan's character, which it was agreed, by all those who had the pleasure of meeting him here, was as engaging as his person, which avows and bespeaks as much good-will as can be well imagined in a human countenance."

Amongst others with whom Dr. Moylan had frequent correspondence, may be reckoned the Duke of Portland, Earl Camden, the late Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham, Lord Castlereagh, Earls Donoughmore and Fingal, the late Chancellor Ponsonby, the late Lord Kenmore and his father, Sir Boyle Roche, Right Rev. Dr. Hussey, Mr. Richard Burke, Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c.

This venerable Bishop, and truly good man, ended his life, in his native city, in Feb. 1815, and lies buried in a vault which, during his lifetime, he caused to be made under the altar of his cathedral. He was succeeded in the government of the diocese of Cork by the present eloquent and learned prelate, Dr. John Murphy.

For the interruption given to the narrative of the Abbé Edgeworth's life, by the foregoing short detail, the writer feels confident that, to the enlightened reader, no apology will be deemed requisite. If amiability in private life, and extensive usefulness in an enlarged sphere of public duty; if loyalty and religion, indiscriminating benevolence, and enlightened liberality, be claims to public regard, few men possessed them in a higher degree than Dr. Moylan; and hence the few pages thus devoted to his memory will be looked upon with an eye at least of indulgence.

In little less than a year after the date of the last-inserted letter from Abbé Edgeworth, his friends and the world were deprived of that valuable man. Far the greater part of his life was spent in the practice of the most heroic charity: to it his hopes and fears were, at an early period of his life, freely sacrificed; and, in the end, he died a martyr to its cause. Every circumstance regarding the last hours of such a man deserve to be recorded; and, fortunately, in the present instance, the detail has been given with a tender and sympathetic regard, by a beloved and honoured friend.

The insatiable ambition of Bonaparte, and his anxiety to establish the Imperial throne by the terror of his arms, led him, in the early part of the year 1807, to war with Russia. Some of his soldiers, who had fallen into the hands of the Russians, were conveyed in a state of horrid disease to Mittau, where the court of Louis XVIII.

then was. On the news of their arrival in the same town with him, the worthy priest, forgetful of his own and his country's wrongs — forgetful of every thing but the wants of his afflicted fellow-creatures, flew to their assistance. The consolations of religion, and even of friendship, were squandered on the dying wretches. The good Abbé was warned of the pestilential nature of the distemper with which they were afflicted: it was of that sort generally known as a *gaol fever*. The warning was given in vain; for the charity of the Abbé was as indiscriminating and pure, amidst the squalid wretches who crowded the precincts of an infectious prison, as it had been under the smiles and approbation of a flattering court. So malignant was the fever, that thirteen only out of twenty-three of the soldiers survived. The attention of the Abbé to his patients was so assiduous, that the anxiety of his friends for his personal safety became extreme. Their soli-

citude was unavailing; and, on the 17th day of May, 1807, a pestilential nervous fever rioted upon his shattered and weakly constitution. This was on Sunday; and on the following Friday (22d), at half past eight o'clock in the morning, he was no more!

From the moment the dreadful fact of his illness was ascertained, the terror and anxiety of the friends by whom he was surrounded was extreme. The Duchess of Angouleme administered medicine to him with her own hands; and would be prevailed upon by no entreaties to absent herself from his bed-side. His chamber was continually crowded by his other friends and fellow exiles. The Archbishop of Rhemes, and the Marquis de Bonnay, who enjoyed his unbounded confidence, were incessant in their attendance upon him. In the progress of the distemper, he was, at times, delirious and incoherent in his

expressions; but at the moment when the last sacraments were administered to him, his conduct was marked by the most sublime resignation and recollection. Once, towards the close of his illness, he desired to have paper brought to him that he might write concerning some matters of importance to his friends in Ireland; but when the materials were brought, he was found unequal to the task.

The grief of the royal family at the loss of such a friend was extreme. The court was one continued scene of wailing, sorrow, and complaint; and when the remains of the beloved man were, on Monday the 25th day of May, conveyed to the Catholic burying ground for interment, they were followed by a mourning procession, consisting of the Duke of Angouleme, the Archbishop of Rhemes, and the nobility, clergy, and other members of the court of Louis XVIII.

An account of the death of the Abbé Edgeworth, was at once conveyed to his brother, Mr. Ussher Edgeworth, in a letter from the Archbishop of Rhemes; and the following letter was afterwards transmitted to the same gentleman, enclosing a copy of the epitaph by which it is followed.

A Monsieur Ussher Edgeworth, &c.

" La lettre que Mons. l'Archêveque de Reims vous écrit, Monsieur, vous instruira de la douloureuse perte que nous venons de faire. Vous regretterez le meilleur et le plus tendre de frères. Je pleure un ami, un consolateur, un bienfaiteur, qui avait conduit le Roi, mon frère, aux portes du ciel, et m'en traçait à moi-même la route. Le monde n'était pas digne de le posséder plus longtems. Soumettons-nous, en nous attachant à la pensée qu'il a reçû le prix de ses vertus: mais comme il ne nous est pas défendu d'embrasser des con-

solations d'un ordre inférieur, je vous en offre dans l'affliction générale que ce malheur a causé. Oui, Monsieur, la mort de Monsieur votre frère a été une calamité publique; ma famille, tous le fidèles Français qui m'entourent, ont, ainsi que moi, crûs perdre un père, et notre affliction a été partagée par tous les habitans de Mittau; toutes les classes, toutes les croyances, se sont réunies à ses funerailles, et une douleur universelle l'a accompagné a sa dernière demeure.

" Puisse ce récit adoucir votre peine! Puisse-je donner ainsi à la mémoire du plus respectable des hommes, une nouvelle preuve de vénération et d'attachement.

" Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, de tous mes sentiments pour vous, et pour la famille de Monsieur l'Abbé Edgeworth.

" Louis."

EPITAPH.

D. O. M.

HIC JACET
REVERENDISSIMUS VIR
HENRICVS ESSEX EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT,
SANCTÆ DEI ECCLESIÆ SACERDOS,
VICARIUS GENERALIS ECCLESIÆ PARISIENSIS, ETC.
QUI
REDEMPTORIS NOSTRI VESTIGIA TENENS
OCULUS CÆCO,
PES CLAUDO,
PATER PAUPERUM,
MŒRENTIUM CONSOLATOR
FUIT.
LUDOVICUM XVI.
AB IMPIIS REBELLIBUSQUE SUBDITIS
MORTI DEDITUM
AD ULTIMUM CERTAMEN
ROBORAVIT,
STRENUOQUE MARTYRI CŒLOS APERTOS
OSTENDIT.
E MANIBUS REGICIDARUM
MIRA DEI PROTECTIONE
EREPTUS,
LUDOVICO XVIII.
CUM AD SE VOCANTI
ULTRO ACCURRENS,
EI PER DECEM ANNOS,
REGIÆ EJUS FAMILIÆ,
NECNON ET FIDELIBUS SODALIBUS,

EXEMPLAR VIRTUTUM,
LEVAMEN MALORUM
SESE PRÆBUIT.
PER MULTAS ET VARIAS REGIONES
TEMPORUM CALAMITATE
ACTUS,
ILLI QUEM SOLUM COLEBAT
SEMPER SIMILIS,
PERTRANSIT BENEFACIENDO.
PLENUS TANDEM BONIS OPERIBUS
OBIIT
DIE 22A. MAII MENSIS
ANNO DOMINI 1807,
ÆTATIS VERO SUÆ 62.
*Requiescat in pace.**

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* The following correct and elegant translation of the above letter and epitaph are taken from the short *Memoir*, by Mr. C. S. Edgeworth.

A Letter from Louis XVIII. King of France, to Mr. Ussher Edgeworth.

" Sir,

" The letter which the Archbishop of Rheims wrote to you, has informed you of the melancholy loss we have sustained. You will regret the best and tenderest of brothers. I weep for a friend, a comforter, a benefactor, who guided the King, my brother, on his way to Heaven, and pointed out the same path to me. The world did not deserve to possess him any longer. Let us submit to this stroke in reflecting

By the voice of public regret, the death of his most affectionate friend was first conveyed to Dr. Moylan, who, at the time

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that he is gone to receive the reward due to his virtues: but as we are not forbidden to receive the condolence offered by beings of an inferior order, I offer you mine, in the midst of the general affliction caused by this misfortune. Yes, Sir, the death of your brother has been a public calamity. My family, and all the loyal French by whom I am surrounded, feel as I do—as if we had lost our father; and our affliction is shared by all the inhabitants of Mittau. All classes and all sects united at his funeral, and universal lamentation accompanied him to his last home.

"May this recital soften your sorrow! May I thus give to the memory of this most respectable of men, a new proof of my veneration and attachment!

"Be assured, Sir, of my good wishes for you, and for all the family of the Abbé Edgeworth.

"LOUIS."

EPITAPH.

Here lies
the very Reverend
HENRY ESSEX EDGEWORTH, OF FIRMONT.
a Priest of the Holy Church of God,
Vicar-general of the diocese of Paris, &c.
who,
pursuing the steps of our Redeemer,
was an eye to the blind,

stood tottering over the grave. The melancholy tidings were too soon confirmed by the following letter, which was trans-

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a staff to the lame,
a father to the poor,
and a consoler of the afflicted.
When
Louis XVI.
was given up to death
by his impious and rebellious subjects,
He
supported the resolute Martyr
in his last struggle,
and pointed out to him
the opening heavens.
Snatched from the hands of the Regicides,
by the wonderful protection of
God,
He
voluntarily attached himself to
Louis XVIII,
when he signified his wish for his services;
to whom, and to whose royal family
and faithful household,
he proved himself, for the space of 10 years,
an example of virtue,
and an assuager of misfortune.
Driven from kingdom to kingdom
by the calamity of the times,
he went about doing good,

mitted to him by a friend to whom it was addressed.

" My dear Uncle—

" Will, I am sure, excuse my taking the liberty of troubling him on this occasion, when he learns that I have just received a letter from the *Duc de Serant*, Monsieur's (Le Comte d'Artois's) great friend, to inform me of the death of the worthy, interesting, and respectable Abbé Edgeworth. They had just received the account from *Mittau*. Independent of the high interest inspired into every well-formed heart and mind, which his scene with the unfortunate Louis XVI. must have created, his own

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ever like to Him
who possessed his sole devotion:
At length, full of good works,
he died
the 22d day of May,
in the year of our Lord, 1807.
aged 62.
May he rest in peace.

virtues, in which were conspicuous the sweetest and most amiable qualities, a great solidity, and at the same time a simple humility, had gained him the hearts, affections and veneration of all who knew him." I have understood, from those who have seen and witnessed his conduct during his residence with the present King of France, that, in the little court at Mittau, he was really like an angel of peace, carrying with him, wherever he went, the spirit of harmony and concord, and for the unhappy the balm of consolation. At Mittau there is general mourning. He is an irreparable loss to the King, and to the Duc and Duchess of Angoulême, particularly the latter, who had in him the most entire confidence: his having attended her father in his last moments, endeared him to her; and he seemed, as I am told, to possess that influence over her mind, that a beloved parent would have. To her it must be a great affliction, for never can he be

replaced to her; indeed there are few such men in the world.

Never shall I forget the last three hours I spent in his company at Lord Buckingham's house in *Pall Mall.* But I have talked of him till I almost forgot that I begun my letter for the purpose of answering *their* wishes. It is the intention of Louis XVIII. and of *Monsieur*, that a solemn dirge should be performed for him in London, and a *funeral oration* delivered. For this end, it is their wish to be informed of the particulars of his origin, birth, parentage, &c.; they also would wish much to know if he has any *near* relatives in England or Ireland. By letting me have any information you may collect on these subjects, you will, my dearest uncle, much oblige

" Your grateful, dutiful,

" And affectionate Niece,

" MARIA ———.

" Stowe, June 25th, 1807."

Agreeably to the wish of the royal family of France a solemn high mass was celebrated, and a funeral sermon pronounced by the Abbé de Bouvens, in the French chapel, King's Street, Portman Square, on the 27th of July, 1807.

One fact deserves to be recorded here, as it is well calculated to display in its true colours, the mild virtue of the man whose life has been related in the foregoing pages.

An American gentleman, remarkable for his rigid presbyterianism, spent an evening in the society of Abbé Edgeworth. The Abbé was always interesting as a friend; and he was the friend of every one who cultivated his intimacy. His religion was too pure to dread scrutiny; and there was too much of its mild influence in his life, not to render it a predominating feature of his character. The guest became enamoured

of his virtues. There was a superiority and perfection in every word and action of his: which was never given by the world. "This man," said the American, "is too *good* not to be *right*. The religion which bestows such perfection must be from God." An intimacy commenced on the spot. The Abbé became the religious instructor of his new friend, who, in time, embraced the Roman Catholic creed, was called to holy orders, and proved one of the most valuable missioners in the New World. This was what a great man truly called "*preaching by example.*" It was by embodying in his own life the virtues which he recommended to others.

In closing these pages the Editor trusts, that by the delineation of two such characters as the Abbé Edgeworth and Dr. Moylan, he has, in some degree at least, contributed to the vindication of religion, the admiration of friendship, and the ad-

vancement of virtue. Should these happy results be in any degree enforced or upheld by this publication, he shall consider himself amply repaid for the anxiety and trouble which he experienced in collecting and arranging the documents of which it is composed.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters from the Abbé Edgeworth reached the Editor's hands too late to find a place in the foregoing collection answerable to their dates. They were, however, considered of too interesting a nature, although it arises from a domestic calamity, to be omitted in the present publication. They relate to the death of an aunt; and if the effusions of simple piety, and the amiable regrets of a good heart for such a loss, possess any claims to public sympathy, there will be found in these short letters much to interest and instruct the reader.

The heart of the Abbé appears to have been peculiarly devoted to virtuous friend-

ship. He was its votary in early youth; its influence mingled with the dictate of duty at the scaffold where *Louis* bled; and the dreary mansions of pestilence and woe, where he inhaled the poison of distemper and death, were cheered and illumined by the sunshine which it imparted to his mind. His religion was in fact the origin of this profuse benevolence. Friendship, it would appear, was but another name for the charity with which *he loved his neighbour as himself;* and the best and surest test of its perfection, was the disinterested exercise of it wherever it could soothe misfortune or alleviate distress.

One notion, which has had its advocates and oppugners — the continuance of virtuous friendship after death, the Abbé distinctly comes forward to support. The amiable sensibilities in which he indulged, and the peaceful tenor of his early days, passed as they had been in the quiet retreats

of "learned leisure," tended in a powerful degree to develope the latent feelings of his heart, and to fit him for the advocacy of so sentimental an opinion.

It would, indeed, be a drawback of no common kind upon the enjoyments of virtuous friendship, if the grave were to terminate its being; for as real friendship requires for its support the consciousness of a mutual throb, its holy visions would be dissipated, its kindly sensibilities dissolved, and its soothing regrets and recollections clouded and obscured, by the cold persuasion that it terminated with life. It is equally an inspiration of nature and a hope sanctioned by religion, that the solicitude which sought our happiness here, will not desert us, when the sphere of its efficacy is enlarged and its intelligence perfected. Virtuous friendship springs from motives higher and purer in their source than the impulses of flesh and blood; it is, in fact,

the sympathy felt by an intelligent being for moral excellence, the more fervent in its expression, and elevated in its kind, as the object of its endearments is more deserving of regard and admiration. Such feelings are too perfect in their source, and too much connected with truth, nature, and intelligence, to be lost in the grave, or to belong to the merely animal propensities of mankind. By arguments like these may the opinion expressed by the writer of the following letters be upheld; and the unaffected simplicity with which that opinion is delivered, will, in the estimation of the intelligent reader, take nothing away from its justness or truth.

From the Abbé Edgeworth to Miss Ussher, Marlborough-street, Dublin.

"Paris, June 9th, 1771.

"My dear Aunt,

"I need not tell you how much I was affected at the melancholy news you sent

me by your favour of the 24th March; though, after all, it was not quite unexpected. I feel, my dearest aunt, the loss you have made, the more so as I have had a share in it myself. It is, undoubtedly, an irreparable one for this life; but we are Christians, and in the eyes of a Christian the circumstances of a happy death ought to make ample amends for what nature must feel in being deprived of so worthy a relative.

"I confide in the unbounded mercies of the Lord, that she has found grace in his eyes. Her resignation to his will during her last illness, the many trials she underwent during her life-time for his love and service, and the patience with which she always bore them, — in a word, every circumstance of her life and death, confirm the presumption I have of her eternal happiness. It would be levying in some degree her crown to give her tears. She has only exchanged a life of misery and afflictions for a happier one, where I hope

she will be mindful of the few friends she has left behind her; for, as true friendship cannot finish with mortal life, I think that we all have the same right to her affections now that we had when we enjoyed her presence here below. This thought alone is sufficient to console us under the loss we have had. May we feel the effects of her good prayers, and have the happiness to make as holy an end of life as her's! All my regret is, that I had not the consolation of being personally acquainted with her merits: the little I had picked up by hear-say, had filled me with veneration and respect for her; and I always entertained some hopes of meeting with her one way or another in this world: but it was not the will of God to permit it: he reserves that satisfaction for the next.

"I take the liberty of enclosing a few lines for my cousin John. I pity his situation, as well as that of his little brother,

because I see the dangers they will both be exposed to; and I think it a duty incumbent upon me to preserve them from seduction as far as lies in my power.

"I shall feel obliged if you convey my love and duty to my uncle John. All my uncles are equally strangers to me; and, nevertheless, my heart warms for him more than for any of the others. What can be the cause of this? I recommend myself, dearest aunt, to your prayers; and need not tell you what share you have in mine.

"I am your affectionate
"And dutiful Nephew,
"HENRY EDGEWORTH."

The following is the enclosure mentioned above. It is taken from a copy of an old date in Mr. Ussher Edgeworth's handwriting. The foregoing is given from the original. They are both in the Editor's possession: —

"Paris, June 9th, 1771.

"Although I have not the happiness to be personally acquainted with my dear cousin, the ties of blood which unite us both, authorize me on the present melancholy occasion to trouble him with a few lines.

"You have, my dear John, lost your best friend, the worthiest and most tender of mothers! How sensible must not a good heart like yours be to such a loss? It is undoubtedly an irreparable one; and I would feel it for your sake, was Mrs. Rowan an indifferent person to me. All you are you owe, under God, to the care she took of your younger years; let, therefore, the lessons of piety and virtue which she instilled with so much success into your tender mind — less, perhaps, by words than example — never be effaced or forgotten They

will now become more necessary to you than ever: you are on the point of appearing for the first time in a corrupt and perverse world, where false friends and evil example will strive to seduce a heart, formed with so much care by a virtuous mother. Be aware, my dear John, of the snares they will lay for your piety and virtue: show yourself a worthy son of the most respectable of mothers: strive to tread in her footsteps; it is the only way to happiness in this world as well as in the next.

"I embrace most tenderly your brother George, and would write to him if I had any thing more particular to say to him than to you. This letter is an expression of my sentiments to you both; read it to him, and beg of him to give me a place in his affections. I ask the same favour of you, and will look on a few lines from

either of you a proof of friendship and love.

"I am, my dearest cousin, with unalterable love and affection,

"Your sincere Friend, and

"Humble Servant,

"H. EDGEWORTH."

THE END.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street, London.

00097835

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016